# Win her and Take her,

OR,

# Old FOOLS will be Medling.

A COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYALL.

By their Majesties Servants.

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Winter Tale-Tales

Old TOOLS

will be Needing.

*To the Right Honourable* Peregrine *Earl of* Danby, *Viſcount* Latimer, *and Baron of* Kineton, *and Viſcount* Dumblan *in the Kingdom of* Scotland, *Collonel of the Marine-Regiment*, &c.

THe many favours and Encouragements I have receiv'd from your Lordſhip have given me the confidence to lay this trifle at your feet; not in the leaſt eſteeming it worthy of your conſideration, but rather as a teſtimony of my gratitude, and humble acknowledgement to your Lordſhip. I am conſcious the Papers which I now offer up to your Honour have nothing of worth in themſelves; But your Lordſhips acceptance of theſe mean Productions will ſet a value on 'em, ſince it can give a gloſs, and reputation even to defect it ſelf. We often ſee that things which are unpaſſable in themſelves, become currant and Authentick when Beautify'd by ſome external impreſs: Thus Mettalls are enobl'd when his Majeſties Royal Image is ſtamp't upon them; and thus a Peaſant may wear the Title of Honourable, if he derives it from the King, the only ſource and Fountain of Honour. All the Miſcarriages, and therefore misfortunes of this Play will be amply recompenc'd by the Encouragements it has receiv'd from your Lordſhip; for I am very well aſſur'd nothing can be unfortunate, when once it comes under your Lordſhips Protection. I could almoſt perſuade my ſelf that this is not a very bad piece, if but for no other reaſon then this, that your Lordſhip will Patronize nothing that is ill. I ſhall leave it as it is to your deciſive judgment, whoſe ſingle Approbation I ſhall prefer to the numerous applauſes of a noiſy Theater. My Lord, I attribute it to your bravery of mind, and greatneſs of Soul that you ſo graciouſly permit the Muſes to wait upon you; For he only will ſhun their Addreſſes who has done nothing that is Noble, or elſe is afraid to have his diſhonourable Actions Sung by them.

them. The *Lacedemonians* when they were going to Battle were us'd to Sacrifice to the Muſes, being conſcious that they cou'd advantageouſly recommend 'em to Poſterity, and cauſe new life, like that of the *Phœnix*, to ſpring out of their very Aſhes. Ambition which in other Men is a vice, in you is a Vertue; for you are guilty of no other then that of the Preſervation of your Country: and thus you not only purchaſe to your ſelf a great, but a good Reputation. Our *Engliſh* Courage which has never been inferiour to any Nations in the whole World, ſeems to become ſickly for want of due Exerciſe, and to languiſh thro' a long diſuſe, and diſengagement from Arms; It has lain ruſting like our Armour hung up againſt our Walls; but now led on and fir'd by your Lordſhips Example, it will recover its former vigour, and throw off the filth it has contracted by a lazy and unactive Peace, and ſhine as bright as ever, both to the Terrour of our Enemies, and the Glory of our Nation. Your Lordſhip like the *Roman* Youth in the *Campry Martius* have ever taken care by Manly Exerciſes to improve the Natural Strength of your body, that it might be a fit Active and vigorous Soul; So that this is always prepar'd to execute thoſe great deſignes to which the other is ever ready to puſh it on. But tho' your undaunted Courage and Reſolution, your unſhaken Loyalty, your forward zeal for the ſervice and ſecurity of your Country, together with a numerous Train of many other Noble Qualities have endear'd you no leſs to Their Majeſties, then all good People; yet we muſt not make it a matter of wonder, if the beſt and braveſt Men are ſubject to the Malice and deſignes of Knaves and Cowards; Eſpecially if we ſhould conſider that a great part of the World may juſtly fall under that denomination. A little Obſervation will let us ſee that Mankind have made, as it were, a Combination among themſelves to be wicked; and indeed they are ſo very active in the purſuit of vicious Practices, that one would ſwear they lay under the obligation of an Oath to be Villains. Hence the dayly Murthers, Theſts, Robberies, Cheats, Aſſaſſinations, and what not? Hence it was that the *Prince of Orange*, His Preſent Majeſty's Anceſtor was ſet upon in his own Hall amidſt his Servants, and a ſtrong Guard. And ſure we cannot forget a Forreign *Raviliac*; or our own *Felton*. From one and the ſame cauſe it was that thoſe Profligate Ruffians ſo lately aſſaulted your Lordſhip in the open ſtreet, an action full of horrour and deteſtation: And here we cannot

but

but ſtand and wonder at your Lordſhips unparalell'd Humanity, when you could be mercifull to them that were barbarouſly cruell to you, and even give pardon, and life, to thoſe very Men that would have taken away yours. This is ſuch an Heroick flight, ſuch a bold ſtroke of Chriſtian-Charity, that the beſt of Men may Copy from ſo Glorious an Original. And for this, I preſume, your Lordſhip may deſervedly boaſt with the Elder *Scipio*, that you have left your very Enemies as much cauſe to love you as your Friends. And indeed your Lordſhip has a Genius fitted for every brave and generous undertaking; You are equally adorn'd with the Perfections of the Camp and Court: You have the Conduct and bravery of one, with all the ſoftneſs and affability of the other. But ſince your choice has determin'd you for the Defence of our Navy, we need not doubt but that our Victorious Fleet will ride in Tryumph o're the Ocean, and that your Lordſhip will return home Crown'd with Victories, and laden with the Spoiles and Trophies of our Enemies; which that you may accompliſh ſhall be the Prayers of

SIR,

*Your Lordſhips*

*Moſt Humble,*

*Faithfull, and*

*Obliged Servant,*

Cave Underhill.

# PROLOGUE.

*TAtter'd, and Poor my habiliaments do ſhew it,*
*I repreſent a ſad deſponding Poet:*
*Humble, and meek before the Play is o're,*
*Which if you like he's Sancyer than your Whore;*
*If not the Scribler fretts, looks grum, and Swears,*
*The Town are Fools, or lays it on the Players.*
*His Duns to whom he has given bills of Payment,*
*For Perrywig, Clean-linnen, and ſprute Rayment,*
*Come worrying of him all on the third day:*
*(for Poets near that time are allways gay)*
*He cryes, come Gentlemen you'l ſee the Play;*
*Puts 'em i'th Pit, and then he ſlips away:*
*Now tho' no Poet, I am much in debt,*
*And come to make a gathering in the Pit:*
*Your favour's all; I don't pretend to Wit.*
*You have been kinde to moſt of our young Actors,*
*To their dull Plays prov'd noble Benefactors;*
*The times are hard, and I'm ſo plain in dreſſing,*
*I've much ado to ſave my ſelf from Preſſing.*
*And faith Comedians are as awkard fighters,*
*As Stiff-neck'd Ogling Beaux, or Lampoon-writers.*
*War is as great a Curſe on our Profeſſion,*
*As fear which breeds in dying men Confeſſion;*
*Or Virtue in a damſel near Poſſeſſion.*
*Now all I beg of you is, that you'd have*
*Commiſeration upon harmleſs* Cave,
*Who always acts the Fool,— but is no Knave.*
*The Profits of this Play to me are given,*
*As the Song ſays to make my Wine-ſcores even,*
*And not leave things at Sixes and at Seven*
*For Clarret which the Senate did deſire*
*With fuell ſhould be lower'd, is rais'd much higher;*
*We're doubly ſtarv'd for want of wine, and fire,*
*And like my part in* Epſom-Wells *the Juſtice,*
*Gadzooks in Engliſh all my only truſt is,*

# EPILOGUE by Mr. *Durfy*.

Spoken by Mrs. *Butler*.

*CUrſe on the Scribling Fools of ancient days,*
*That firſt invented theſe fag-ends of Plays,*
*To beg good nature, errors to attone,*
*From Criticks, which they always knew had none.*
*This here had been without an* Epilogue,
*If* Underhill *that Comicall old Dog,*
*Had not with a grimace that made me laugh,*
*Deſir'd me to ſpeak ſomething in's behalf.*
*What is't cry'd I? why faith (ſay'd he) to pray*
*The Audience to be kind to my third day.*
*The friendly Author lik'd my Phizz ſo well,*
*That I the Oyſter get, he but the ſhell.*
*The money's mine, that's gotten by the Canſe,*
*And he good Soul's contented with applauſe.*
*My Anſwer was, 'twas well he took this trade,*
*He wou'd have a Confounded Lawyer made;*
*To give away his labour in this ſort,*
*The Fellow wou'd have ſtarv'd i'th Inn's of Court.*
*There I have oft a Bill of Chancery ſeen,*
*The lines ſo wide I've put my fiſt between;*
*And yet to haggle with the Jew that wrote*
*Was vain; the Scoundrell wou'd not bate a groat:*
*But here a Poet gives you a whole Play,*
*Treats* Chere entier *and nothing is to pay;*
*The lines ſo thick too they each other Choak,*
*And juſt as much cut out as we have ſpoke:*
*A fatall ſigne where we the difference ſee*
*Between the price of love and Poetry.*
*'Tis true ſays* Underhill; *if the Plot be ſound*
*It may Gadzookers get a hundred pound:*
*A hundred pound, ſaid I, half in a rage,*
*Know'ſt what an hundred pound is in this age?*
*I wiſh thee well, but this is ſuch a ſum,*
*Shall beat all* France, *Convert the Pope of* Rome,
*And make Peace 'twixt the Turk and Chriſtendome.*
*We women are not eaſy to be won,*
*But were a hundred pound in Specie ſhown,*
*I ſay no more but ſtrange things might be done.*

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sr. John Oldfop. — *An Old Coxcomb that affects all the Vanities of Youth, rails at Old Age, and makes Love in behalf of* Dulhead *to* Florella.

Waſpiſh. — *A Pettiſh Old Fellow who pretends to humour, that neither ſees, nor hears, without Artificial helps, Courts* Florella *with Writings of his Eſtate, &c.*

Craftmore. — *A Gentleman that was a former Suiter to* Florella, *but leaves her on the ſcore of her little tricks and Selfiſh humours, goes under the borrow'd name of* Bellamore, *inclining to be jealous, &c.*

Loveby. — *A gay young Gentleman of the Town, Friend to* Craftmore *ſomewhat wild, follows* Dorinda *on purpoſe to debauch her.*

Dulhead. — *A dull Country Blockhead, not an inch remov'd from a fool, introduc'd as a Lover to* Florella *by* Sir John, *and manag'd by* Toby.

Toby. — *An arch fellow, Servant to* Craftmore, *one that helps him in his Intrigues, &c.*

Strain Conſcience *and* Donnell. — *Two Servants to Sir* John Oldfop, *the firſt pretends to a tender Conſcience but lies for him abominably, &c. The latter an* Iriſh *Footman, that blunders in all he does for him.*

## WOMEN.

Florella. — *A brisk young Lady that loves to play tricks with her Lovers, and hates to ſee any one Courted but her ſelf.*

Dorinda. — *A very young Lady, Couſin to* Craftmore, *ſent to obſerve the motions of his Miſtreſs, pretends to be a meer Country Innocent, in Love with* Loveby.

Lady Fancifull. — *An old-ſtale Lady that was never married, very affected, and boaſts of her former Lovers, and has a deſign on* Dulhead.

Primroſe. — *Woman to* Florella, *and helps her to play tricks with her Servants, &c.*

Watch, Bulkers, Scowrers, and Attendants, *&c.*

# ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter ſeveral Watchmen; A Gentleman going from 'em, and giving 'em Money.*

1. *Watch.* BLeſs you Sir; May you ever have a ſound Wench, pleaſing Dreams, and wholeſome Wine.

*All.* How much is't? what is't boy?

1*ſt. Watch.* A Coach-wheel you Sons of Whores; ſufficient, if manag'd to the beſt advantage, in Nappy Ale, to give us Courage enough to Hector an Alderman, beat a Common-Council-Man; and make us reel home like men of Buſ'neſs, and Watchmen of the better ſort.

[*ſhows a Crown piece.*

2. *Watch.* Ounds and Taradiddle. [*they whoop.*

*A Dance of Watchmen, &c. A great noiſe behind the Scene, they all leave dancing; and ſome run in* Huzza, Scour, Scour, Bulkers, *aware, aware; down with the Conſtable, 'ounds away with it,* huzza, &c.

*Enter Sir* John Oldſop, *carry'd in a Sedan, and muffled up; the* Iriſh *Footman and another rolling in two Drunken Bulkers: Sir* John *comes out of his Chair,* &c.

*Enter* Dulhead *leaping about.*

*Dullh.* O brave Couſin Sir *John* I ſwear, O brave Couſin Sir *John* I ſay—— I would not for twenty Guinea's but I had rambl'd with you to Night. How do you like me now Couſin Sir *John*?

*Sr. John.* Crown me, ye Noble Hero's of the Night, ye Sons of darkneſs, Crown me, who now return in triumph from Conquering thoſe Infernall Guards.

1*ſt. Bulker.* Drink about there, ſix in a hand. My head ſwims.

2*d. Bulker.* Hold Coachman, hold you Son of a Whore, I'le not give you one farthing if you drive a ſtep further, help me out you dog, and get me a Whore; here's half a Crown for you.

*Donnell.* By my Shoul diſh iſh brave ſhport now; I did never ſee a Hogſhead ſpeak in *Ireland* ——by ſhaint *Lukes* faith but I will ſhtop thy bunghole joy.

[*ſtops his mouth with dirt.*

*Sr. John.* Well Couz. how like you our ſport? Are not theſe delights incomparably beyond the dull inſipid pleaſures of a Country-Coxcomb's life;

whose diversion is his toyle, and cannot give him the distinguishing Character of a Gentleman.

*Dulb.* Uds foot, you're in the right on't, Couzen Sir *John.*

*Sr. John.* There after your filthy beastly sports, you meet at some little thatch't Ale-house; and like our dirty tun-belly'd Carmen, overload your Stomachs, Stupify your brains; and put out the spark of reason with the thick foggs of fulsome vulgar Ale; then reel to bed, abundantly drunk by Nine a Clock: The Night was made for the frollicks and revellings of a Gentleman, and for none but poor labouring slaves to sleep in; Is not this abundantly a more refin'd way then yours? ha!

*Dulb.* Ay, ne're stir in't Cousin Sir *John*; and I am resolv'd for the future, I'le be plaguy unlucky, and grow as mad and frollicksome as the best of you. [*leaps about and cryes huzza!*

*Enter to them several with Tongs, Gridirons, and such like Instruments; Two with a Kettle on their Shoulders on a Coulstaff, They all sit down round the Kettle, and sing and play; Footmen howls when they sing.*

*Sr. John.* Under this window, do you hear fellows.

*Song.*

*Sweet* Cælia *look down from your window*
*See how we our Claret environ;*
*How we take off our Glass,*
*At the sound of our brass,*
*And th' harmony of our cold Iron.*

Chor. *Strik up merry boys*
*With your tongs and your keys,*
*My Kettle I'le trunk in the* Chorus:
*We'le scour ev'ry street,*
*And kick all we meet,*
*And drive the whole World before us.*

2.

*The* Cupids *all hover around us,*
*And then on your Casement they settle;*
*As huge Clusters of Bees,*
*Hang on twigs of green Trees,*
*Charm'd with the sweet sound of my Kettle.*

Chor. *Strike up merry boys, &c.*

Ah

3.

*Ah Cælia look down from your window,*
*And view your poor Lover a Strowling,*
*How for pass I by night,*
*Quarrell, scratch, brawl and fight,*
*There's no Love to true Caterwauling.*

Chor. *Strike up merry boys, &c.*

*At every* Chorus *one drinks; the rest Sing and Play on their Tongs, &c. Footmen howls at the last* Chorus.

*Sr. John.* Admirable humour I'Gad: It is time we retire, see the Morning begins to peep abroad, with its Impertinent light—— But hold Captain, first let's hear the Catalogue of this Nights adventures; I shall be ill at rest all this day following if we have not done a plaguy deal of mischief.

*1st. Man.* Let's see; about some Eight Sign-Posts pull'd down, as many Walls scall'd and Demollish'd, a dozen [ *Reads out of a Paper.*
Persons taken Prisoners; a few Straggling Whores pist upon and kick'd; Besides about as much glass broken as would serve for the windows of *Pauls*; Knockers pull'd off from doors, and they from their hinges, innumerable; Signes blotted out, Coblers and hucstkers Stalls broke open in abundance, to the confusion of old Shooes and Gingerbread; and the Watch kick't to the Devil.

*Dull.* Sun, Moon, and Seaven Stars! O brave Cousin Sir *John* I'le Swear, O brave Sir *John* I say.

*Sir John.* Huzza, Huzza! Come Captain, let's go off in Tryumph.

*1st. Man.* March on ye Sons of *Mars*, and boys of Mettle,
You clash your Iron; and I'le twank my Kettle.

[ *Exit with a hideous noise.*

## SCENE II. *Lady* Fancifulls *House.*

*Enter* Florella *and* Primrose.

*Florella, Primrose.*

*Prim.* Your pleasure Madam.

*Florella.* Come hither; pin up this Curl, and adjust the dress of my head:—Oh hideous, what a piece of Gallantry have we had here? If this trifle

trade hold; I must ev'n change my lodgings; what with the hoarse cry of the Bell-mans mortifying Rhymes, the Barbarous Musick of tooting hoboys, and the more Intollerable Civilities of Serenading fools, there's little rest to be taken; from such humours good Love deliver me.

*Primr.* No doubt Madam, but this was design'd for a piece of Bravery; and I question not but to oblige you; as well as to shew the Gentlemans wit and way of address.

*Florell.* The obligation would have been greater had he let it alone: prithee, canst thou Imagine who the person is, that has thus highly oblig'd me?

*Primr.* I'le lay my life on't Madam, this was one of Sr. *John Oldfops* Maggots; he scorns any thing that is vulgar, as he stiles it.

*Florell.* That Infinite Coxcomb, that miscellany of fools; indeed he is always fond of all the folly's of the Town; and to make himself more Eminently ridiculous, varnishes o're the Imperfections and deformities of old Age, with the gloss and affected gayety of Youth; he has the vanity to think himself the only favourite; the very *Adonis* of the Ladys, tho' fool enough to be scorn'd by all: an eternall railer against Age, and will Curse it, tho' he knows the Imprecations must necessarily fall on his own head:

*Enter* Dorinda, *as in a fright.*

*Dorin.* Well, I must for some time at least, wear the mask of Dissimulation; Nor need I fear to be singular in this, Since our Sex very rarely appears without it. [*aside*]
O Gemini, what a pestilent noise has here been; [*to Florella.*
I vow now I tremble every joynt about me.

*Florell.* Here's a peice of Country-Innocence, rude and unpolish'd as a *Sylvan*, she's so very simple; one wou'd swear she had liv'd Sequester'd from the Conversation of mankinde. ——Come, come; lay aside your needless fears, little one; this was nothing but a Town humour, a Serenade.

*Dorin.* A Serenade, what is that? pray forsooth:

*Florell.* Why, an Entertainment that the gallants think to pleasure their Mistresses with; 'tis to put young Ladys in mind of their Servants; lest they shou'd forget to dream of 'em.

*Primr.* Should the Sparks but know that you were here, you'd quickly have the second part to the same tune, Madam.

*Florell.* They'd be continually Buzzing about you, like Bees in a Garden of Flowers. One wou'd ogle and languish at you with his arms folded a-cross, and his head on one side thus. Another Cock, and look big upon you; rap out half a dozen modish oaths; ——shake his Garniture, and pass by you with a low-diving bow; and a three quarter face, as thus, ——A third descant on your perfections; as the delicacy of your lively Complexion; the Symetry of your parts; the agreeableness of your features; and so lowd, as you may be sure to hear him.

*Primr.*

*Primr.* A fourth make verſes upon you; treat, preſent and Serenade you.

*Florell.* And the fifth perhaps, ſomething more foppiſh then the reſt wou'd paſſionately ſwear, your teeth were pearl, your Lips Corall, that your breath was perfum'd with *Arabian* ſweets, your eyes two Stars, nay two riſing Suns for a need, and that on your Cheeks were two Beds of Roſes, where the *Cupids* lay wantoning, and basking themſelves, in their Golden Rays.

*Dorin.* O Gemini, this is fine I vow;—But wou'd they indeed now forſooth.

*Florell.* Yes, yes, and more then all this; But you muſt not believe 'em; they are Rooks, and never play upon the ſquare; foot-padders that lye upon the Road of Love to rifle maids of their virginities

*Dorin.* O living Dear; not believe them indeed;—but I wou'd tho': how wou'd they rifle me of my virginity trow?— pray forſooth tell me;

*Florell.* That I'm to learn my ſelf; I never made the experiment, O fye; I vow her ſimplicity makes me bluſh; I muſt divert her from this Idle diſcourſe: prithee *Dorinda* what's your ſervants name? when came he to town?

*Dorin.* O forſooth his name is *Bellamore*; he came laſt night, and his man has hir'd lodgings already for him in this houſe.—O if you did but ſee him,—he goes as fine as a Lord; and he tells me he has been at Court, and in *France* too

*Florell.* After what manner does he make Court to thee?

*Dorin.* O he gives me Oranges and Sweet-meats, Curious Ribbons and Laces, talks fine Complements to me indeed; and calls me the prettieſt names; tells me my lips are ſprinkl'd o're with honey-drops, then he'le kiſs me, and kiſs me, and kiſs me agen;—he told me too, that I muſt have a Care of the fine Gentlemen of the Town, for he ſaid they'd make a Miſs of me——I'de fain know what that is forſooth; pray will you tell me?

*Florell.* Methinks I long to ſee this Gentleman; I fancy he is a very agreeable perſon, at leaſt more tollerable than thoſe diverting Coxcombs I now entertain.

*Primr.* Now durſt I venture the forfeiture of my Maiden-head to the next kind Devill I meet; this Miſtreſs of mine is contriving to make prize of her Lover; for ſhe'l entertain all ſorts and ſizes, tho' it be meerly for her diverſion; and hates to ſee any one courted beſides her ſelf; nay, for my part, I believe ſhe wou'd by her good will engroſs all mankind. [*aſide.*

*Florell.* Well, 'tis a moſt delicious morning; the clearneſs of the heavens, and the ſtill air ſeem to invite us abroad.—Come *Dorinda*, are you for a walk?—I'le have you to the park where you ſhall ſee fine Ladies and Gentlemen;—get my dreſs ready againſt I return, and bid the Boy follow us to the Mall.

*Dorin.* Wou'd the Gentlemen kiſs a body tho'? I vow, if they ſhou'd,

I'de

I'de ne're endure 'em, that I wou'd not,
*Successfully to Cheat, there's no pretence,*
*Like to a well dissembl'd Innocence.* [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A private walk behind the House.*

*Enter* Craftmore *and* Toby.

*Craft.* Well Sir, how stand affairs?—is there any hope for my once ship-wrackt vessell, now at last to return home with the prize of a humersome Mistress?—speak hast thou been there?—this is the time and place I appointed you to meet me at, is it not? [Toby *walks up and down Carelessly all the while his Master speaks*

*Toby.* You are in the right on't Sir; and I perceive you are a man of a notable memory.

*Craft.* And you procur'd me lodgings in the house with hers, and seen 'em furnish't fit to receive a Gentleman:

*Toby.* May be ay, Sir, and may be no, Sir,—I know nothing of the matter Sir,—I am very busy at the present—Your humble Servant Sir—[*as going*

*Craft.* S'death! what does the Rascall mean? his Insolence and slight behaviour will provoke me;—But by this I imagine he has had success; and he only keeps me off as a politick mistress do's her Servant, with a wanton kinde of anger, faint denyall, and a gratefull little pettishness, only that when he comes to the business, he may embrace it the more eagerly [*aside* Then you'l not leap into the matter?

*Toby.* I understand you not—No, no, Sir, you know I am to lye upon Benches at Tavern-doors, till one or two a Clock with a Flambeaux in my hand, amongst an honourable train of footmen and link-boys; and for want of a tester to drink wine with flys in't, which the generous Bar-keeper is to give me out of a vessell that has been fill'd with the dregs, and Squeezings of an hundred severall Bottles.

*Craft.* What? I suppose you remember the last weeks business yet?

*Toby.* Then am I to be stript of your old silk wastcoat here, and clapt into a wide-body'd livery Coat, laid down on every Seam with a worsted Lace, of a Groat or three pence a yard, like a Country Esquires Coachman; and this was the Equipage poor *Toby* was to be in.

*Craft.* This is past enduring,—Durst you hit me in the teeth—or murmur—you Son of a Whore? I'le slit your nose.

*Toby.* Have a care you know the Act Sir;—Slit my nose quoth a!—That's pretty I faith;—Slit my nose quoth a!

[*walks up and down as in a huffe.*

*Craft.* Hell and the Devill; this 'tis to employ our Servants: a man had better

better be at the neceſſary Charge of a procuring Friend then truſt 'em;——For when once they know your Secrets, and that they are abſolutely neceſſary in doing you a kindneſs, they grow more Sawcy then a Rich Citizen to a young Student that owes him money; and ſo at laſt they become more Maſter then your ſelf.——Know you Raſcall, who I am; and who you are?

*Toby.* Yes, yes, Sir, I was your Servant; and now I am not your Servant; and ſo as I ſaid before, as by way of Complement, I am your humble Servant.

*Craft.* How! you hungry Scrap-eater, what mean you Raſcall? I'le ſwinge you,——This ſhall bring you to a better knowledge of your ſelf—— [*beats him.*

*Toby.* Nay Maſter, hold;—Oh the Devill, Sir,——Oh for heav'ns ſake Sir,——as I hope to be ſav'd 'twas all in jeſt,——pox on't——Nay now Maſter, you over-act your part too;——I beſeech you a little Ceſſation from arms, as I hope for mercy from you now, I thought no harm: [*Runs about, ſometimes cringing,*

too much is too much,—— [*fawning, ſhrugging and grinning.*

Sir, to be as ſhort with you as I can at preſent, your buſineſs is done beyond Expectation. [*Leaves off beating,* Toby *ſhruggs.*

*Craft.* So; at laſt, you have ſpoken to the purpoſe; but I thought thou hadſt known that it is as ill jeſting with an hungry Lover, as an hungry Lyon: For if once you Tantalize him with his prey, if poſſible he Seizes on his keeper. Remember this, and take it from me.

*Toby.* Nay Sir; no doubt but I ſhall remember I took it from you: plague on this Lyon-way of Civility tho' for me. [*ſhruggs aſide.*

*Craft.* And now Sir, as you hope not to uſe a Surgeon, or to look like an old mangl'd fencer, with your pate embroider'd with hacks and ſlaſhes; and perhaps the diſuſe of a member or two, let's have no more of theſe Bawdy-houſe tricks: and here for this time I ſtrike a league with you, and now let me have a faithfull account [*gives him money.*

of *Dorinda* and your proceedings.

*Toby.* Now the Devill take me, if I can forbear telling this Maſter of mine the Buſineſs: 'plague, t'would ne're vex a man to have a broken pate, if he's well paid for't. There's ſome Conſcience in this,—— [*aſide.*

*Craft.* Well Sir, to the Buſineſs. [*puts up the money, bows and cringes.*

*Toby.* In fine then Sir; (as a man may ſay) I have taken up Lodgings for you at my Lady *Fancyfulls*, that Pageant of formalities; and monument of Antiquity; ſhe who deports her ſelf ſo amorouſly towards every body; who's ſtill muſtring up her hundred thouſand ſweet-hearts, pretended preſents, and Love-letters, which ſhe always carrys about with her.

*Craft.* Then as to *Dorinda*.

*Toby.* Why things are in a very fair way there too; ſhe goes without the leaſt ſuſpition, and her diſguiſe ſits upon her ſo agreeably that you'd almoſt be deceiv'd your ſelf in her.

*Craf*

*Craft.* And is *Loveby* in Town?

*Toby.* Yes Sir; well Sir, I say no more;—— You'r a happy man.

Sings: *I shew'd 'em such money as made 'em all mad,*
But they're quite deceiv'd in *Toby*, &c.

*Craft.* I'me glad of it for some private Reason:—I suppose by this time, he's very much reform'd.

*Toby.* O Sir extreamly; he drinks bloodily, Swears devoutly, and wenches like a Gentleman; for whereas he us'd to keep a brace of punks or so, now instead of them he deals with half a score, and that he may still have a fresh supply, when he grows weary, he quarrells with the old, to pleasure a new Mistress; and so he Intends to lye round with all the women in the Town by degrees. [*pulls out his money and sings as before.*

*Craft.* What at your old tricks? [*shakes his Cane at him*

*Toby.* Mum, mum, Sir.——[*lays his hand on's mouth, bows and cringes as before.*

*Craft.* All things have hitherto fortunately met my Expectation, the rest must be partly effected, by my own Care and Conduct; See that all things are in readyness at my Lodgings and wait for me there. [*Ex.* Craftmore.

*Toby goes forward: The Scene Changes to my Lady* Fancyfulls *house.*
*Enter* Primrose.

*Primr.* Sweet Mr. *Toby*, yours.

*Toby.* Mrs *Primrose*, Yours to the *Antipodes*; [*bows and offers to pull*

*Primr.* So sharp set this morning; when comes [*up her Coats.*
your Master to his Lodgings?

*Toby.* This morning I think, he bid me wait for him here; pox, I care not when he comes; O when shall I come into the Closet of your affections?

*Sings.*

*I took her by the Lilly white hand,*
*And led her into the Garden,*
*I kiss'd her once and kiss'd her twice,*
*For four-pence half-penny farthing.*

*Turns her round, first on one side and kisses her, and then on the other side and kisses her.*

*Primr.* Come, pray Mr. *Toby* let's have no more of this Lip-work; If you turn a kissing-fool I shall begin to suspect you are good for nothing else;—— But prithee how long is't since you left your old Master Sir *Thomas?*

*Toby.* Ever since I liv'd with this—— Prithee when wilt thou leave thy old Mistress?

*Primr.* Faith e'en when she'le keep me no longer—— I understand your Master is a Servant to *Dorinda*, the young innocent Country Lady.

*Toby.*

*Toby.* Yes, he's as great an admirer of Innocence, as thou art of fine Cloaths, or an handſome ſmug-fac'd fellow——what's become of that knot of fools that us'd to haunt thy Lady?

*Prim.* Why ſome will be forth-coming anon; we have a leaſh of choice cull'd Aſſes;——firſt there's *Old-fop*, one that was knighted, that he might appear more Eminently a Coxcomb.

*Toby.* What? he that is of kin to *Dulhead* the *Booby*, Eſq. that lately arriv'd here?——This latter is ſo Silly an Ideot, but for the intereſt of ſome Court-friends, his Eſtate had been begg'd long e're this.

*Primr.* Right there's a brace, and this dough-bak'd fool is to be Introduc'd I hear by his Couſin, as a Suiter to my Lady: Next; there's a ſuper-annuated fondling, that has liv'd to be twice a Child; one that number'd more years then he has hairs on his head.

*Toby.* Old *Waſpiſh* you mean; why he has not had the uſe of a ſence theſe ten years; he's a deaths-head; and enough to put one in minde of mortality, and then he's ſo feeble he ſeems to bend beneath the weight of his Cloaths.

*Primr.* He neither ſees nor hears, without Artificial helps; and if he chance to finde you ſpeak, and he hears you not, he Immediately conjectures you abuſe or deride him; then he falls into a paſſion, and grows as pettiſh, as one lately recover'd from a long fit of ſickneſs, he fancies himſelf a great humouriſt, and thinks that, together with the writings of his Eſtate, which he always brings with him, ſufficient to attone for all his folly and Imperfections. Ads my life, ſtand back: here he comes, with all his trangums about him. [Toby *retires to one ſide of the Stage*

*Enter* Waſpiſh *with a great bundle of Parchments under his arm; with his ſpeaking-Trumpet ſtuck at his Girdle, and his Spying-glaſs in his hand; takes his Glaſs and looks on her.*

*Waſp.* So, ſo, very well I proteſt; very well I proteſt; 'tis you Mrs *Prim*, ſpeak not a word yet Mrs. *Prim.* [*pulls out his trumpet, claps it to his* [*Ear, and comes toward her.*

Not too loud Mrs *Prim.*—— now tell me of pretty little *Florella*;——Ah! 'tis a Rogue, a pretty Rogue, I ſack:

*Primr.* My Lady Sir.—— [Primroſe *ſpeaks in the Trumpet as* [*loud as ſhe can bawl, he ſtarts.*

*Waſp.* O fye Mrs. *Prim.* not ſo loud, not ſo loud; I warrant you think me quite deaf, I ſay you think me deaf, no ſuch matter; O fye, fye, you make as much noiſe in my Ears, as the Trumpets of Six Troops of horſe. I'me a little thick of hearing, 'tis true: O Come, come, here's a Six-pence for you, a *Phillip* and *Mary*; a fine peice, a pretty peice, a very pretty peice; Nay, nay, you ſhall take it, a pretty peice I vow: [*looks hard on't, as* ſo, ſo, now try again Mrs. *Prim.* [*he gives it her.*

*Primr.* My Lady Sir— [*In a pretty loud tone.*

*Wasp.* Very well, very well, I proteſt; exactly in that tone, in that pitch; let's hear it Mrs *Prim.*

*Prim.* My Lady is gone to the Park this morning, Sir, for a walk, but I expect her home within this hour: [Toby *laughs and ſhe*

*Wasp.* Uds bodykins; Carrion, Strumpet, [*laughs in the Trumpet.* laugh at me; I proteſt, laugh at me when I have been ſo generous, Snoons ſpeak not a word, not a word, [*Runs after her as faſt as he can, ſhe in* Come here; [*dumb ſignes expreſſes her ſorrow for ang'ring him.* I forget and forgive— [*ſhe comes Curtſying to him*

*Primr.* Sir I've a grievous Cold, and am ſo perplext with a tickling Cough, I hope you'l excuſe what I cou'd not avoid, Sir.

*Wasp.* Yes, yes, Come Mrs. *Prim.* all's over, all's over—Come let's here the reſt Mrs. *Prim.*

*Primr.* You may aſſure your ſelf you are not the leaſt in her favour; for you were the laſt ſhe ſpake of when ſhe went to bed laſt night; and the firſt this morning, when ſhe roſe.

*Wasp.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I proteſt; Incomparable Creature. Divine Charming *Florella*: [*walks about as pleas'd*

put her in mind of me Mrs. *Prim.*—I know ſhe likes my pretty Innocent humours, Come hither Mrs *Prim.* kiſs me, Udsbodikins kiſs me I ſay: [*jumps two or three little jumps towards her.*

kiſs me you Rogue,—I know ſhe likes my humours, I'le tickle you, Udsbodikins I'le tickle you.

*Toby.* I can hold no longer— [*laughs out and ſhe ſmiles*

*Wasp.* What again? Snoons grant me patience, Devill Incarnate, what do you mean?—I proteſt unſufferable, give me my money again, or I'le give out you robb'd me;—I know the marks and can ſwear to the peace, Snoons— [*Throws his ſtick at* Toby, *his Trumpet at*

*Primr.* I muſt after this old Monkey, [Primroſe, *and goes off in a Rage.* and ſooth him into a better humour if I can.

*Toby.* Prithee ſtay, I can't be without your good Company, your Converſation is ſo Charming: [*languiſhes on her.*

*Primr.* Sweet Mr. *Toby*; your good nature will ruine you.

*Toby.* Not when I beſtow it on one who will be gratefull, and make ſuitable returns [*offers to kiſs her*

*Primr.* No fooling; I muſt try to pacify and ſecure this pettiſh old Coxcomb: Sr. *John Oldſop* will be here I ſuppoſe, within this half hour; And ſhou'd they meet, he'd ſnub him and torment him, to that degree; he'd fly from the houſe, as from the Plague; and my Lady wou'd looſe great part of this days diverſion.

*Toby.* Faith they are a brace of pleaſant old Coxcombs, and make a more Comicall figure, then the moſt accompliſh'd young Fops ſhe cou'd have met with.

A numerous herd of Fools, ſtill ſtock the Nation,
And he that's no fool now, is out of faſhion:
But tho' new Coyns for Fools are dayly making,
The old Fools ſtill paſs beſt, and are more taking.
[*And I took her*, &c. *leads her out Dancing.*

*The End of the Firſt Act.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* Loveby *with his Footman.*

*Loveb.* ARe you ſure you dogg'd her into this houſe?
*Footm.* Yes Sir.
*Loveby.* Faith the little Rogue has fir'd my blood; ſhe's young and beautifull as an opening Roſe; and has ſuch pretty wanton Rowling eyes, But withall ſuch an over-ruling Modeſty.——A temptation like this wou'd make a Saint ſtand on his Guard: For my part, I muſt confeſs my frailty.——I can no more forbear Importuning this new beauty, then a Rook can fleecing a new Cully;——I have no other Buſineſs for you now; about two meet me at the Eating-houſe. [*Exit* Footman.

*Enter* Primroſe.

*Primr.* Mr. *Loveby* here! Nay, then here's ſome intrigue in hand; my life for't, the young Country Lady is the mark he aims at, his hankering about a Lady's door is as certain a ſigne of ſome Amour there-abouts, as a mask in the Pit is of a trading Wench. [*aſide.*
*Loveb.* A good morning to thee *Primroſe*, is thy Lady at home?
*Primr.* Yes Sir; ſhe came in juſt before you; and the other Lady you ſaw in the Mall this morning.
*Loveb.* How the Devill came ſhe to know that?
*Primr.* I can tell you this for your Comfort, your market's fore-ſtall'd; there's a Gentleman lately come to Town, has given earneſt for her already.
*Loveb.* No matter; 'tis not amiſs to know how the Prizes of the Market go tho', that a man may learn how to make his bargain the better another time. But ſeriouſly art thou ſure the Lady's diſpos'd of?
*Primr.* He ſeems to be ſomething Concern'd;——[*aſide*] Sir, 'tis report-

ed so I'le assure you.——It fares with a fresh beauty in this Town, as with a fly fluttering on the top of the water; you shall ...e forty sparks rising at her; and 'tis ten to one, if some one does not chop ...er down at last——[*aside*——I vow Mr. *Loveby* I wonder at your fancy, that amongst so great choise of riper Clusters you should pick out green grapes.

*Loveb.* Pox; this hungry She-Cannibal is fasting this morning, and has a mind to breakfast on mans flesh——[*aside*]——I am sorry I can't oblige you; you must understand we men of great dealing, carry but little ready money about us.

*Primr.* I perceive you misconstrue me;——If you did but hear the Ladys talk of you, as I have;——They say you are the wildest most Unconstant Wenching Gentleman, that ever came to Town.

*Loveb.* In that they wrong me; for I stand with open arms ready to embrace every kind she that comes by.——If there be any Inconstancy, it is in them, in flying from me. I'm sure I am as civill a person to 'em, as any I have heard of; and do intend to oblige 'em all, as fast as I can.—— The Devil's in't if this be Inconstancy.

*Primr.* The very thing they upbraid you with; they say you always Ungratefully desert an old Mistress; tho' she had been ever so kinde to you, if you have but the least prospect of a new one.

*Loveb.* Faith; In my Opinion they're a Company of Unreasonable Creatures to desire a man to wear out his whole life in the service of one, when there are hundreds that expect the same kindness;——An old mistress, like a Cast-suit is to be worn on rainy days only; but to be thrown off and lay'd by when a new one shines on us.

*Enter* Dorinda.

*Dorin.* O living dear! I wonder he stays so long from me, I doubt he's unkind.

*Loveb.* No Madam; I dare pass my word for [*goes to her; offers to*
the Gentleman, he is not, for he is here, [*kiss her hand, she snatches*
or one at least, that can boast of as noble and [*it from him.*
gen'rous a passion for you; as the greatest Idolater of your fair eyes.

*Primr.* He has her as Cock-sure as if she was between a pair of sheets with him;——With what an awfull respect he approach'd her; with what a profound Reverence he bow'd; what a Softness and languishing he wore in his looks. [*aside.*

*Dorin.* O living Sir; I wonder you'l offer to do so; you made me start at the very sight of you; I never saw you before in all my life.

*Loveb.* What Country-Innocence is here?—[*aside*——It proceeds Madam from the shortness of your memory, and the Coldness of your Affections, that you have so soon forgot me.

*Dorin.*

*Dorin.* A perſon of a becoming boldneſs; and has the looks and breeding of a Gentleman,—*aſide*—O *Gemini*, Sir, and do you know me indeed? I can't believe you, I vow and ſwear now.

*Loveb.* I had the honour to kiſs your fair hands in the Country, Madam.

*Primr.* I am amaz'd at his Confidence. On my Conſcience he never ſaw her till this morning; I wonder what fetch he has now?

*Loveb. Primr ſe* help me out, or I Gad I'm gravell'd. What Country-woman, her name quickly?

*Primr.* Horrid! Sir, have you no Conſcience?— [*gives her mony.*

Her name *Dorinda*, near *Canterbury* in *Kent.*

*Loveb.* Dear, Dear *Dorinda*; and have I ſlipt out of your memory ſince I ſaw you in *Kent* laſt.—How do all our acquaintance near *Canterbury?*

*Dorin.* A forward Gentleman—[*aſide*]—But do you know me indeed and indeed now?

*Loveb.* Perfectly well, Madam; and I came to wait on you to preſent you with a new Song.

Song:

*Forbear fond God, forbear your Dart,*
*Seek not to wound a dying heart:*
*At* Cloe's *feet it gaſping lyes,*
*A bleeding Victim to her Conquering Eyes.*

2

*From her Death's ſuch a pleaſing Pain,*
*I'de only live to dye again:*
*With joy to him, the blow is given,*
*That has ſo near a proſpect of his heav'n.*

3

*You and the little Loves all fly*
*To light their Torches at her eye;*
*By her alone, your Empires thrive,*
*This Veſtall keeps Loves Sacred fire alive.*

4

*Then* Cloe, *'tis not ſtrange that you*
*Weak Mortalls, Yeilding hearts Subdue;*
*Since you another* Venus *prove,*
*And give new being to the God of Love.*

Pardon

Pardon my Ambition Madam, that I dare approach ſo much Divinity.
[*offers to kiſs her.*

*Prim.* If ſhe has but one luſcious touch, of his melting lip,
She's loſt for ever: It will diſſolve and diſtill it ſelf into her heart, in a warm ſhower of Love. [*aſide.*

*Dorin.* If you offer to kiſs me, I vow and ſwear I'le Scream out as loud as I can: I wonder you'l ſerve a body ſo; you Gentlemen have no modeſty I think.

*Loveb.* 'Tis not fit we ſhou'd, ſuch young Ladys as you have ſo much of it, that had we any, we ſhou'd never beget a Right underſtanding betwixt us;—Madam, be pleas'd to uſe me as your Servant; to ſhew you the ſplendour of the Court; the Celebrated Beauties of the Drawing-Room, and the pleaſures of an high-Mall.

*Enter* Florella.

*Florell.* Mr. *Loveby* here, and ſo intimate already with *Dorinda?* Indeed I obſerv'd he wheel'd about us, to day, like a Kite that often ſails round the ſame Circuit of air, when in queſt of her prey—[*aſide*—What Sir, treating about Love; methinks you have made haſte to be ſo forward, on the road already.

*Loveb.* Madam, in Buſineſs of Importance, we uſually ride poſt; was I to diſpatch a weighty affair for my friend, I'de not ride a dull Carriers pace; Love's upon the wing, and muſt be nimbly purſu'd.

*Dorin.* Indeed forſooth I believe this is one of the Sparks you ſpake of, he was ſo rude, he wou'd have kiſs'd me.

*Florell.* I thought a perſon worn ſo much by the full-blown Beauties of the Town, wou'd not have made a ſtoop, for ſo young a Quarry. I muſt confeſs the Lady has a great favour, but to Converſe with a Beau-garcon; one of your Accompliſhments Sir.

*Loveb.* Madam; I can't complain much of my ill fate;—Some women think me worth picking up; my only misfortune is, your opinion is different from theirs: I ſhou'd be Compleatly happy did you approve their choice.

*Enter a Servant to* Dorinda.

*Serv.* Madam, there's a ſtrange Gentleman within deſires to ſpeak with you.

*Dorin.* Tell him, I wait on him. [*Exit Serv.*

This Mr. *Loveby* wears ſuch Charms about him; it will be as difficult to Eſcape him; as 'tis dangerous to love

Pitty you gallants ſhou'd ſo wedded be
To Wildneſs, Falſhood and Inconſtancy. [*Aſide to the Pit.*

*Florell.* All Certainly that have the honour to know you, muſt applaud and

and envy 'em for't.

*Loveby.* Madam; did not I know your Influence on our Sex, and that you turn'd our Love into Ridicule, I shou'd be so vain, as to think you had not really an Aversion to me.

*Florella.* O fye Mr. *Loveby*, this from you?

*Loveb.* But you are one of the topping, reigning Beauties of the Town; an Impregnable fort; not to be taken by the Sallys of Wit; nor even the brisk attempts of Love and Honour: You from your exalted height can look down with a Contemning Smile, on your Shipwrack'd Lovers, toyling and beaten about by a tempestuous Sea.

*Florell.* A Flustring peice of Rhetorick this; and very fit for the description of a Tempest,--[*laughs*---If you did but see how prettily you look'd, when you spake it--- *laughs again.*] With that Demureness I warrant you, and Compassion in your looks, and such dying eyes; really it is Impossible to hold out long, against so many Charms; we shall have you fall into a fit of Ryming anon.

*Enter* Sr: John Oldfop: *behaving himself very Ridiculously, and Foppishly dress.*

*Primr* Madam, Madam, here's Sr. *John* come.

*Sr. John.* Dear Madam, I kiss your hand ten thousand times: Mr. *Loveby*, your most devoted Servant; you are a great favourite of the Ladies; this Lady yielding you the honour of her Conversation, is a confirmation of it.

*Loveb.* 'Tis you *Sr. John* are the Idoll of the fair Sex; you Charm their Eyes, and Captivate their hearts; you're the Sole commander of all Loves Troops; we are but Idle spectators and admirers of your great Conquests.

*Sir John.* I have Contracted a familiarity with some persons of quality in this Town: they do me the honour to use me as their Servant in publick.

*Florell.* Now's this Conceited Fop, ready to boast of kindnesses he never Receiv'd. [*aside.*

*Loveb.* Let us but sooth him, and be urgent with him upon the point, and he'le be so vain as to tell us, he has debauch'd all the great Beauties at Court.—He'le make the Drawing-Room his *Seraglio*; tho' he never arriv'd to the acquaintance of a Change-woman; or his Seamstress—— [*aside*——and in private too Sr. *John*, a person of your Jantee Insinuating way, must needs be taken into Consideration.

*Sr. John.* I must confess I have an Intimacy, with some particular Ladies that shall be nameless. We women's men, never boast of your favours Madam—— [*bows to* Florella.

*Florell.* O Sir; you men of Intrigue as well as Souldiers, learn to know that silence is your first word of Command.

*Sr. John.* Madam, You've hit my humour--[*bows*] I thank you for that Lady;

Lady : I gad I had almoſt forgot to tell you of a pleaſant accident between me and a perſon of quality, in *Hyde-park*, lately: I ſide-glaſs'd her, and kiſs'd my hand to her.— I gad, I never ſaw her to my knowledge in my life before:—She Immediately ſent her Page to me with a *Billet-Deux*; wherein ſhe begg'd the honour of a meeting: and this very Lady, I have appointed to come to my Apartment; within this half hour.

*Florell.* Then we ſhall looſe the pleaſure of your good Company, Sr. *John.*

*Sr. John.* No dear Madam; I'le diſappoint her, to Regale my ſelf with the gallantries of your Ladyſhip—I know her Exceſs of Love will eaſily form an excuſe for my neglect.

*Enter* Donnel *footman to Sr.* John.

*Donnel.* Ah gra, beſht tou here joy? By Shaint *Patrick* I did think thou didſhſt loſt me.

*Sr. John.* What is the Lady come, Sirrah?

*Donnel.* Lady, Lady; what Lady joy?

*Loveby* A pleaſant Scene towards: [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* You Ignorant Raſcall;—Why the Lady I bid you wait for with her Coach and ſix; attended by a very great Equipage.

*Donnel.* Ecpaſh! prithee Joy phat is dat? thare be no ſuch wort in *Ireland*, by my ſhoul:—I did ſhee no Lady, But I will go fetch thee a Lady in a Coach if thou wilt joy: [*Sr.* John *throws his wig and walks as angry.* Ah gra; by Chreeſht I did forgot; thou do'ſht mean the Lady, thou diſht bid me ſay, was come to ſee thee.

*Sr. John.* This Raſcall Mr. *Loveby*; this thick-ſcull'd fool, Madam, does not well underſtand Engliſh, and ſo did not take my meaning.

*Florell.* So it ſeems. [*Sr* John *pulls out his Watch.*

*Sr. John.* My watch ſpeaks not the time of the appointment yet, it wants half a quarter.

*Donnel.* If thy waſh did ſhay ſho: I wou'd make beat on thy waſhes pate; and tell him, he did lye to his faiſh, look thee joy.

*Sr. John.* Run Immediately,— [Donnel *runs without his meſſage.* Hey Raſcall; take your meſſage with you.

*Donnel.* I did take my meſſage when I will come back: Thou didſht bid me run firſht.

*Sr. John.* Whither, you ſenſeleſs puppy?

*Donnel.* By my Shoul, I know not; but I will run to *Ireland* for thee, if thou wilt Joy.

*Sr. John* Heark you; Run to my Lodgings and ſtay there till I or the Lady comes: Do you hear Sirrah? mend that damn'd Bogg-trotting pace of yours: [Donnel *mends his pace on a ſudden.*] Madam, I am troubled with this Inanimate Clod of Iriſh-Dirt.—I but keep the poor Rogue for my Diverſion

Diverſion when I am out of humour; the awkard Fool ſerves to make me laugh.

*Loveby.* Pox; I trifle away my time with this gay-plum'd Parrot. I muſt have the other Encounter with this pretty little Innocent Creature. Her fair Image glides thro' my eyes into my heart, and has there left the deep Impreſſion of her dear ſelf.——Methinks I feel ſtrange motions within me; pray heav'n they prove not the qualms of ſettled Love. [*Exit.*

*Sr. John.* The Son of a whore [*All this while Sr.* John *views himſelf, tours* my Taylor, Madam; [*and flings his wig; ſometimes ſinging, or whiſtling* has cut my Coat damnable ill. Bungling Puppy; [*or Dancing.* He has no Genius Madam: The fancy was wholly mine: How do you like it?—— But for the proportion of my Body [*turns himſelf about.* the Raſcal has render'd me ridiculous.

*Florel.* I proteſt Sir *John*, you're extreamly well dreſt; and ev'ry thing ſits on you, ſo nicely exact; and with ſuch a becoming Air;
How the Peacock ſpreads his [*he walks about, adjuſts his dreſs,*
Plumes and ſtrutts. [*aſide.*] [*looks upon himſelf.*

*Sr. John.* Madam, I labour not to be Scandalous,
*Florell.* But ridiculous. [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* A Gentleman ought to be known as well by his garb, and manner of dreſs, as a Bully by a black eye, a Buff Belt, and a long Sword; Madam, I am happy this my dreſs has gain'd the Reputation of your applauded judgment— [*bows*] but ſhou'd be Infinitely more ſo, could my perſon obtain the Approbation of your Love.

*Florell.* I know this gay nauſeous Coxcomb wou'd be harping on that ſtring—— [*laughs aſide*] Sir, it is more then a Conqueſt even to yield when you Invade: The Honour you did me this Morning, obliges me at leaſt to pay an Acknowledgement; Sir, you have a peculiar way of Gallantry.

*Sr. John.* The women are pleas'd to think my manner Novel and taking—'Twas a humour not Vulgar by the young fidling, Serenading-Fops of the Town; In confidence of which I took this freedom, knowing in Juſtice I ought not to ſerve any woman before your Ladyſhip.

*Florell.* Incorrigible Fop. [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* You had the Virginity of the humour—— For which Madam I might with ſome pretence Claim a right to yours, by way of Retaliation, [*laughs and bows.*]
There I think I was full patt and home upon you, I Gad.

*Florell.* Fulſome fool; He takes this for wit, but he deſerves for his Impudence to be ſwing'd by Footmen: But the pleaſure of laughing at him ſhall be his puniſhment. [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* Madam, I would not tempt you to that dull unfaſhionable formality of Matrimony, had not I a true Engliſh Blockhead a Couſin of mine, to be the Screen to your Honour: Providence ordain'd fools for Husbands, that

the kinde Ladies might without Scandall Converſe with and gratify Men of Parts and Breeding.

*Florell.* Dear Sir *John*, you are too obliging really. [*ſeems fond of him.*

*Sr. John.* He has the Proverb on his ſide; and can joynture you well: But if you think not his Eſtate ſufficient, I'le add four or five hundred pounds a year to't, the ſatisfaction I ſhall receive from your Charming Converſation will pay me back with Int'reſt.

*Florell.* Dear Sir when comes he?

*Sr. John.* He is now in Town:—I'le borow my ſelf from you a little to ſend for him;—Dear, dear Madam, pardon my abrupt departure.—Think not my abſence tedious, upon my honour I'le return Inſtantly.— [*Exit.*

*Florell.* I think I ſhall not; this is a ſtrange conceited Coxcomb; he's a mint of folly; and Coyns himſelf new fool ev'ry minute.

*Enter* Waſpiſh:

*Prim.* Madam; here is old *Waſpiſh*; and has brought with him the writings of his Eſtate. I put him into a ſtrange fit of anger to day; and have but juſt calm'd him.

*Florell.* Tell him we'l give him Audience.—His humour will divert the cloying thoughts of the others; and give a new pleaſure;—Bleſs me, ſure 'tis fool-fair. [Waſp. *holds his glaſs up to his eye.*

*Waſp.* O Mrs. *Florry*, Mrs. *Florry*; your humble Servant, ſweet Mrs. *Florry*.

*Florell.* We muſt take care how we vex him; he takes fire at the leaſt ſpark. Wellcome Sir— [*He puts his trumpet to his ear, and ſhe ſpeaks in't.*

*Waſp.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo; very well, I proteſt very well.—Nay I think you like my humours, my pretty little Innocent humours;—Uds-bodykins, you'r a Charming Creature; a fair, brisk, ſprightly, lively Creature— [*jumps little ſhort jumps between ev'ry word.*

You little Fubs you; you Pug you; I proteſt I love you.

*Florell.* And there are thoſe that have a paſſion for you Sir, but Modeſty will not let 'em ſpeak.

*Prim.* I cannot contain, I ſhall laugh out-right, I've almoſt bit my lips to pieces.

*Waſp.* Come, come, I proteſt, Confeſs, Confeſs; I know who ſpake of, who laſt; when ſomebody went to Bed; and firſt when ſhe roſe this morning; ha! ha! you little Fubs you; you Pug you; I'le bite you; I'le bite you

[*He ſings and Dances ridiculouſly.*

*My Love and I, did lately ſit,*
*Playing for ſport, at Cherry-pit;*
*She threw, I caſt, and having thrown,*
*I got the pit, and ſhe the Stone.*

Good I proteſt, very good I proteſt; I got the pit, *&c.*

[*repeats o're the verſe 2 or 3 times.*

*Florell.*

*Florell.* Pardon me Sir; I proteſt you have ſuch pleaſant humours; you'd kill a body with laughing.

*Waſp.* Ah! I proteſt; [*He propoſes and anſwers himſelf: what will you do*
I knew you lik'd my humours; [*for the K.? what will you do for his Foes?*
you little Fubs you, [*walks about like a Souldier with his Trumpet*
I'm ſure you like my humours. [*on his ſhoulder, then halts.*

*Enter Sr.* John Oldfop.

*Florell.* Now for a fit of railing. [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* Ha, ha, ha, here's an old fool; a nauſeous, old, and an humourſome fool as he thinks.—Damn the Rogue, I'le laugh at him.—[*laughs at him.*

*Primr.* He does not perceive him yet, here's fine work towards.

*Sr. John.* Pox; he has not the uſe of a ſenſe; a rotten Carcaſe that is almoſt buried in the ruines time has thrown on him. I hate to ſee a Nauſeous old fool, Madam, I wonder you can endure his Impertinences.

*Florell.* I uſe him only for my Diverſion; as my Monkey, or Shock-Dog.

*Sr. John.* Should you bring your monkey, yet in my opinion you'r a prettier figure your ſelf, and far more diverting. [Waſp. *ſees his lips move.*

*Waſp.* Snoons, ſnoons;— I proteſt he abuſes me;—ſpeak Mrs. *Prim.* He abuſes me; Udsbodykins a Fop; an old worn out Court-fop—He abuſes me!—Snoons,—Snoons. [*Exit ſtamping and ſhaking his ſtick.*

*Sr John.* Pardon me Madam; that I cou'd not pay my Devoire's to you before;—This damn'd old Fool, has almoſt put me out of humour;—My Couſin will be here preſently Madam to wait on you.

*Enter* Craftmore *and Lady* Fancyfull *dreſt with a great many Precious Stones.*

*Sr. John.* Pox; *Fancifull* here! She'le be a worſe plague then the other. Come Madam; let you and I retire.

*Florell.* I muſt beg your Excuſe. Here is a ſtranger I muſt pay my reſpects to.

*L. Fanci.* I'm glad Sir, you like your Lodgings; I vow I cannot Chooſe but ſtare on you; with a little more then ordinary concern: You'r ſo like a former Servant of mine; I cannot but admire his picture in your perſon. Pardon my rudeneſs: [*very amorouſly.*

*Craft.* I'm glad Madam, I can contribute any way to your ſatisfaction; Heav'ns, She'l bait me to death; [*aſide.*

*La. Fanci.* Your ſervant Sr. *John*: Your ſervant Madam.

*Sr. John.* Plague on her Unſeaſonable Civilities; now muſt we be troubl'd with her Impertinences. She's a ſheet of Rivell'd parchment, on which is Impreſt a perpetual Almanack. By her you may know, when we ſhall have wind, rain or ſnow; and all the alterations of weather. [*aſide.*

Madam we have [*Here Mad* Fancifull *pulls out a little Cabinet;* buſineſs; and we ſhall buy no pedlars ware. [*opens the Cabinet.*

*Fanci.* Pedlars ware! I'de have you to know, here's nothing but what is almoſt of Ineſtimable value——Do you call this Pedlars ware?

*Florell.* So nows ſhe's in. [*aſide.*

*Fanci.* Pray Sir, do me the honour to hold this a little; I'le ſhew you as Choice preſents, as the moſt Celebrated Beauty of 'em all. Here's a Locket of Diamonds, that was given me by Sir. *Thomas Court-hard.*

*Sr. John.* They are falſe; and the Locket is not worth above a Guinea; Damn her; ſhe'l put me out of humour. [*aſide.*

*Fanci.* I wou'd not that Sr. *Thomas* heard you; He give me falſe ſtones?—Then here's a little pocket-glaſs of my Lord *Modiſhes*; cas'd with beaten Gold. [Craft *and* Florella *ev'ry now and then*

*Sr. John.* Be rul'd by me and break it;——[*look hard one on another.* Shou'd you look into't it; you'd certainly run mad the next minute and hang your ſelf.

*Fanci.* I dare look in't, you ſee; without the danger you ſpeak of. Then here's a Lock of hair of my Lord *Paſſionates*; which he gave me a little before he dy'd.

*Sr. John.* O keep it, keep it; you may have uſe for't.

*Fanci.* Then here are three Rings, a Seal, and a Watch;——O dear, and here's a Love letter of Sr *George Fair-titles:* Do but hear what a fine penn'd thing 'tis.

*Sr. John.* Damn her, I ſhall rail out-right preſently; affected Fool, Come Madam will you go? her diſcourſe Nauſeates.

*Fanci.* Indeed you ſhall not go, and leave me alone with this Gentleman.

*Sr. John.* I underſtand you, Madam; we'd rid you of that trouble: Come pray will you honour us with your Company.

*Craft.* Thou haſt releas'd me from one Curſe, to plague me with a greater, did not the Company of that dear Saint ſweeten it with a bleſſing that far exceeds both? [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* Madam, the favour of your hand.

*Florell.* I cou'd better afford it that Gentleman. [*aſide.* [*Exit omnes.*

*Fanci.* A Rude Uncivill perſon; Sr. *Frederick Wilfull* [*prater* Fancifull, wou'd not have ſerv'd me ſo:

*Here ſhe ſet her things in order.*

Well, lye thou there good Sr. *George*, and Sr. *Thomas*, there; My Lord *Modiſh* there; My Lord *Paſſionate* and the reſt in their order. Once I was Courted [*ſighs*— But none now a days are held in vogue, but young ill-bred, fawdry things, that can wantonly, rowle their eyes, play with their head, heave up their breaſts; And that delight in Obſcene Cloſet-peices and

lascivious

laſcivious Poems, [ *looks in a pocket-Glaſs.* ] and yet methinks theſe features are not ſo ill deſign'd ;—This brow is high and ſmooth enough ; And theſe eyes ſparkling ; Theſe Cheeks have the juſt mixture of the Roſe and Lilly— [ *Rubs 'em.* ]— and if I am not Miſtaken, here's a lip as Red as a Cherry : [ *bites her lips* ]— my teeth indeed are not ſo white and even: But youth it ſelf ſometimes has its blemiſhes.

What the Age did my drooping glories ſhrowd,
Yet by the Envious, it muſt be allow'd
The Sun ſtill ſhines, tho' 'tis behinde a Cloud.

*The End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* Craftmore *in a Paſſion, with* Toby.

*Craft.* A Woman to be believ'd ? yes, ſo is a Courtier when he promiſes you preferment ; or a crafty wheedling Tradeſman when he commends his Commodities to you upon his Credit.

*Toby.* Why, Sir, Sir— he certainly dreams and talks in his ſleep : [*aſide.* Why you rail more furiouſly againſt your Miſtreſs, then you wou'd at a Punk that has clapt you : and becauſe ſhe admitted *Dulhead* but now, tho' meerly to laugh at him, you're grown as jealous as a Tradeſman newly marry'd to a plump juicy Wench in an Univerſity.

*Craft.* She's falſe, falſe as hell. Should any one aſſert a Woman could go to Heav'n, I ſhould ſuſpect Providence, Embrace Atheiſm as Orthodox, and ſound Divinity ; and make it my Creed that all things were govern'd by the uncertain whirl of blind chance.

*Toby.* What Sir, are you turn'd Fanatick, that you rave thus againſt the Civil Government of your Miſtreſs ?

*Craft.* Perfidious *Florella*, the Common Cuſtom of diſcountenanc'd Fools ; how reſpectfully did ſhe entertain that Indigeſted lump of Ignorance ; How ſhe ſmil'd when he ſpoke ; enough to inform the dull Maſt with new life and Soul, and ſeem'd to applaud ev'ry thing he ſaid.

*Toby* Heav'ns bleſs this Maſter of mine, we ſhall have him picking of ſtraws within theſe two days —Sir, Sir, if you are come to your ſelf and know your humble Servant *oby*—[ *bows* ] take my advice and go cool you in the Garden : you'le boyl o're anon, and betray your ſelf to your Miſtreſs.

*Craft.*

*Craft.* Yes, Sirrah; I will discover my self, upbraid her to her face; Charge her with her knot of Fools, Curse her heartily, resolutely leave her, then fly into some obscure Village, mew my self up in a lonely Cell, and there rail at her, and her whole Sex with my last gasp of breath.

*Toby.* You had best run stark staring mad with causeless Jealousies, fall into a fit of despair, hang your self in an ill humour, and to cross a good old Proverb, go to the Devil in a string.

*Craft.* My humour will not bear with your fooleries at present.

[ *heaves up his Cane.*

*Toby.* Mum, Mum, Sir, [ *lays his hand on's mouth, and bows.*
Mum;— A pox on these pettish Lovers for me— [ *aside.*

*Craft.* And my bus'ness requires you to be serious.

*Toby.* Then observe me, Sir, I'le undertake to manage this bus'ness to your satisfaction: I'le render *Dullhead*, if possible, more Ridiculous, Choose *Oldfop* of a blessing on my endeavours, and fright the easy Squire, and the Lady *Fancifull* into a fit of Matrimony, and thus make your access so easy to your Mistress, she shall fall into your hand, and lye and wriggle there, like a trout when tickl'd.

*Craft.* 'Tis Impossible.

*Toby.* For you to be convinc't; But Sir, since you startle thus at a Bugbear of your own creating, leave the success of your Amour to me; If I do not bring her to your Arms, may I despair of the smiles of a smutty Kitchen-Wench, and for my default, undergo the severity of Whip and Bell, with the turn-spits.

*Craft.* I scorn the spoils of a Mistress, procur'd for me, by the Stratagems of my Slave, as much as I wou'd the honour of a Tryumph, when I had never the Courage to be in the Action: Shou'd thy mean Conduct bring her to a Surrender, she'd fall so low in my esteem, that I shou'd think her beneath my Consideration.

*Toby.* But Sir, 'twou'd not be amiss to have a Scout to view the Posture of the Enemy.

*Craft.* True; but I'le post my self so honourably, that if I succeed, the greatest share of Glory gain'd in this Conquest shall Crown my attempts: Wherefore I'le immediately forge a Letter, and therein tax her with Pride, and Inconstancy, wound her Reputation, and withall, insinuate to her, I have provided my self with a Mistress, far more Beautifull, and one that suits nearer to my inclinations. [ *Ex.* Craft.

*Toby.* Zookes, ply her there, Sir, the day's your own: Enter your *Troy*, and take your *Helena*: If she's not your Captive, I in revenge will grow lousy in spite of clean linnen, turn Pimp in good earnest, and so devoutly dye in an honourable and publick Employment.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Fancifull.*

*L. Fan.* Mr. *Toby*, your humble Servant. [ *Curtsying and smiling.*

*Toby.* Mr. *Toby*? Now do I know by these kinde words, and that ominous smile, I've a Reverend Office to be thrown upon me. [ *aside.*

*L. Fan.* Here's a broad piece that was given me by Sr. *Oliver Richmore*—— look on't— 'tis a very fair piece; I'de not have parted with it to any breathing but your self. [ *gives it to him.*

*Toby.* Pox; I know the Devil was sending me on an Errand, and pays me with Gold. A pox on his kindness— a fair tempter this [ *looks on the piece.* Omnipotent Gold, I'me thy humble Votary. [ *kisses it and puts it up.*

*L. Fan.* I hope Sir, you've remember'd me.

*Toby.* Madam, I've been bruising my brains for you; and I have at last contriv'd a plot, which I have just brought to Maturity, that cost me not a few pangs in the produ[illegible]ion.

*L. Fan.* I shall not be ungratefull, sweet Mr *Toby*.

*Toby.* But to back my design, it wou'd not be amiss to muster up all your Charms; which I grant of themselves are sufficient to bring the most stubborn heart into subjection.

*L. Fan.* Your goodness makes me blush seriously—— But to put in practice your seasonable advice, I'le instantly to *Florella*, rail at her for entertaining Mr. *Dulhead*, possess him with an opinion of her double-dealing, and make my advances of Love with all the passion Imaginable:
Your Servant——be mindfull sweet Mr. *Toby*. [ *Exit.*

*Toby* A very Am'rous Creature! was I a Magistrate, I'de have such a wrinckl'd scare-crow set up at ev'ry Bawdy-house-door, to frighten young Sinners from the Forbidden-Fruit of Whores-Flesh.

*Enter* Florella *and* Primrose.

*Florell.* Hast thou had any discourse with his Man about the particulars of his Master?

*Prim.* Very little yet, Madam, But here he is, very opportunely, and your Ladyship may be Inform'd of every Circumstance.

*Florell.* Do you belong to the Gentleman that came hither this morning?

*Toby.* Yes, Madam.

*Florell.* How long has he been in Town, Friend?

*Toby.* About two days Madam.

*Prim.* 'Faith my Mistress is for have at all. [ *aside.*

*Florell.* How long does he design to stay?

*Toby.* Madam, my Masters young Lady *Dorinda* can give you the best account of that, were they link'd; which this day he designs to effect; his grand

grand affair is over.

*Florell.* I must contrive to put a rub in his way: [*aside.*
What's his Estate?

*Toby.* Report says, five thousand a year.

*Florell.* A very fair Revenue, tho' not perhaps equall to the Merit of so compleat a Gentleman.

*Toby.* She comes on a-pace;——Little does she dream of the Snake in the Covert; If he once lays hold, he twists round her in so many painted folds, she'l ne're be able to disentangle her self: was my angry threatning Master here, how wou'd his heart Caper at the harmony of these kind ravishing words: I'le Instantly to him, and acquaint him with it. [*aside.*

*Enter* Loveby.

*Loveb.* I have hunted her thro' every Room 'ith house; Perhaps she's herded here: Madam, your servant.

*Florell.* O your Servant Mr. *Loveby*; I question not Sir, but by this, what with your soft melting words, and the powerfull Rhetorick of your bewitching tongue, you have wrought the young Lady to a Complyance.

*Loveb.* Faith, Madam, you'r all so Cruell, and willfully obstinate, that a man can no more hope to bring you to a Treaty, then the *Grand Signior* the *Emperour*, after his many and signall victories.

*Florell.* A Souldier of Fortune as you are, must not always expect Success to wait upon his Arms; tho' doubtless your victories are more Considerable, then your defeats.

*Loveb.* Your Beauties may boast it, Madam; but we in this Lottery of *Cupid* find an hundred blanks, for one prize.

*Florell.* But you men of Courage and perseverance, weary out Fortune, and force her to be kinde, and then you trumpet out your Conquests to the whole World.

*Loveb.* True Madam; fortune may wheel about at last; but the prize we get is often too mean to defray the Expences we havs been at, in the prosecution of it: and were it worth our concealing, like a politick winning Gamester, we shou'd go off without the least mention of our success.

*Enter* Craftmore *and* Toby.

*Craft.* Was she so Inquisitive say'st thou?

*Toby.* Yes Sir, and in such a melting plyant humour, you might have moulded her into what shape you pleas'd:

*Loveb.* Cou'd I gain so Considerable a treasure as you Madam? discretion, as well as self-Interest, wou'd bribe me to Secrecy.

*Craft.* Heav'ns what do I see? my friend courting my Mistress, in my supposed

pos'd abſence? his I finde is like the common freindſhip of the world, that always bends to the Intereſt of his paſſion. [*aſide.*

*Toby.* What damn'd ill luck's here now? Fortune plays at croſs-purpoſes with us, I think. [*aſide.*

*Florell.* Your Haggard Love, flys at all games.

*Loveb.* Madam, a ſmall encouragement from you, wou'd lure me back, and teach me to follow a conſtant Quarry; and then ſhould my flame, like that of lamps, ſhut in an Urne.

*Florell.* Pardon me Sir; when once you come to your flames, and your Similies 'tis time to leave you.

*Craft.* I can no longer bear this killing ſight; I'le diſturb 'em: Madam, you— [*goes toward 'em.*

*Toby.* S'death Sir, are you diſtracted?— [Toby *pulls him back.* For heav'ns ſake ſtay and ſee th' Event firſt; This may prove nothing but an harmleſs piece of gallantry.

*Craft.* I know it cannot be; for none can look on that face and not love.

*Toby.* Let me beg you coolly, to Conſider on't within; If he diſcovers himſelf, all's ruin'd; then ſhall I be ſtript and ſent naked into the wide world,—but not without the Diſcipline of an hunting-whip, beſides pumps and Blankets, do ſo run in my head: Sweet Maſter, retire. [*pulls him in.*

*Craft.* If I go not quits with you and your minnion. [*Exit.*

*Toby.* Why what a damn'd, outrageous ſenſeleſs Coxcomb is a ſuſpicious Lover; Now does he fancy his horns are budding out already;—Heav'ns grant things fall out luckily, but theſe plaguy Plumps and Blankets, will not out of my head yet. [*Exit.*

*Loveb.* A delicate Creature, every way agreeable; [Florella *walks* But tho' this has moſt wit, yet the other has moſt [Loveby *views her.* Innocence; and I'me ſure equall glories of a face; This may coſt me as long a Seige as *Troy* did the *Grecks*; and beſides, I wou'd not baſely wrong my abſent friend, The other may be won with leſs expence of time;—But pox, I never approach her but my thoughts are pall'd with frightfull Matrimonys. [*aſide.*

*Enter Sr.* John Old-Fop *and* Dulhead, *dreſt in tawdry Cloaths he looks upon and admires himſelf.*

*Florell.* Fools are plenty, I finde, they come in Couples: [*aſide.*

*Loveb.* What pieces of pageantry have we here? A brace of Aſſes in guilt trappings: I dread the ſight of a fool as much as that of an [*aſide* old Miſtreſs; his preſence is far more Intollerable. [*ſteals off.*

*Sr.* John *comes to* Florella, Dulhead *following, Imitating and bowing, very awkardly.*

*Sr. John.* Pardon me dear Madam; that I thus rudely intrude into your privacy, without giving you notice of my approach.

*Dulb.* Very fine Udsfoot: [*Repeats it o're to himself.*

*Florell.* O fie Sr. *John* you make me bluſh, really.

*Sr. John.* Madam, your bluſhes add new Beauties to that face, which before had Charms enough to confound all Mankinde;—There I was the beau Eſpirit: I Gad, I could not avoid being witty: your pardon Lady—

[*leaps, Cocks, and bows.*

*Florell.* 'Tis eaſily granted; you'r ſo ſeldome guilty of that fault: [*aſide.* to reply Sir, wou'd but give you a farther proof of my weakneſs; I can but admire you in ſilence.

[Dulb. *repeats: Confound you and all mankind.* &c.

*Sr. John.* I ſhall leave you and my Couſin here together, to treat about this affair, your acceptance of his Addreſs has given me the glimps of a pleaſure that I ſhall eſteem, the bleſſing of my whole life: I have provided the Fiddler; and I'le beg leave Madam that things may be in order.

[*Exit bowing all the way.*

*Florell.* Get thee gone for an eternall Coxcomb;—Here's this other fool ſtands like a mortal wrote in Finſied Ginger-bread;—Only that is much the better ſpark of the two. Your Servant Sir.

[*She goes to* Dulb. *who's complementing by himſelf; when he ſees her, he pulls back his Coat and ſhews his Waſtcoat:*

*Dulb.* Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars; I am yours forſooth; how do you like me now? Am not I taring fine?

*Florell.* Awkard fool. [*aſide*— Extreamly modiſh, I'le aſſure you, Sir.

*Dulb.* Pardon me dear Madam, *&c.*— [*repeats the 1ſt. Complement*

*Florell.* Dull Eccho of affectation and nonſenſe; [*aſide.*

*Dulb.* I ſhall come to Confound her preſently—[*aſide*—How do you like me now forſooth! how do you like me now?

*Florell.* O Extreamly Sir; you may be ſure.

*Dulb.* Then Madam, I ſay the acceptance of his addreſs—Udsneaks, I think I'm almoſt out,—of this addreſs— [*trys to repeat*
The glimps I Eſteem;—Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars, [*and cannot.*
I think I'm out I fags;—You know my meaning forſooth.

*Florell.* As well as if you had ſpoken it out.

*Dulb.* I'le make amends for it in the next: Your bluſhes add new beauties to that face; And therefore Confound you and all mankind. Sun, Moon and Seven Stars, how do you like me now forſooth? I think I've tickl'd you off, Udsfoot.

*Florell.* So, ſo, he's drawn off to the Lees, and all's out at laſt: now will he be as mute as a Turk in the preſence of the *Grand Signior*; or if he chance to ſpeak, 'twill be like a Country-Clock, once in an hour; tho' not ſo much to the purpoſe.

*Dulb.* How do you like me now forſooth? } [*He walks about her two or three times, and ſpeaks not a word, ſhe turns with him; at laſt he ſpeaks, taking her Petticoat in his hand.*

I

I warrant that Gown and petticoat Coſt a woundy deal of money;—[*pauſes* Sun, Moon and Seven Stars—how do you like me now?— [*pauſes again*— Can you ſwim forſooth?

*Florell.* A very pertinent queſtion to a woman;— [*aſide.*
I'le ſwear you've a very pleaſant way of courting.

*Dulb.* Ay forſooth; I hate to talk of nothing but love:

*Florell.* A man is ſo put to't there; to hunt for fine expreſſions and ſoft Amorous Speeches.

*Dulb.* Now you talk of hunting; we have the fineſt pack in the Country, brave Muſicall deep-mouth'd Dogs;—Udsfoot—I love hunting woundily; you ſhall hear me hunt the whole pack.

*Florell.* This is diſmall, the noiſe [*He hunts over the whole pack,, whoops* of a pewterers ſhop, a Bell-frey, [*and hollows, ſhe ſtops her ears.*
or Paper-mill, wou'd be very ſilence to this.

*Dulb.* Is not this pleaſant forſooth? Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars, how do you like me now?— [*Sings: of all Delights the Earth does yield.*
Now forſooth you ſhall hear me Imitate the particular yelpings of ev'ry Dog: This is *Kill-buck:* Now here's ſweet-lips: here's *Ringwood.* And here's my Bitch *Venus* at laſt: Udsneaks, ſhe opens as ſweet as your Ladyſhip.

*Enter* Fancifull, *comes up to him, Curtſying.*

*L. Fanci.* Sr. I beg your pardon I uſe ſo much familiarity with you, upon the ſlender acquintance I have with your perſon.

*Dulb.* A well-bred, well-ſpoken Lady, I fags.

*Florell.* Now muſt I be ſtruck deaf again, if I ſtay with the Larum of her perpetuall tongue.

*La. Fanci.* Madam, I am aſham'd to ſee you uſe the Gentleman at this Scurvy rate; I over-heard your jears.

*Dulb.* Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars; I ſcorn to take an affront of any Lady in Chriſtendom— [*comes up to her.*

*Florell.* He'l beat me anon.— [*aſide.*

*Fanci.* I obſerv'd your proud diſdainfull looks; your Indifferent behaviour.—Your Servant ſweet Sir. [*Curtſies.*] And thus indeed you entertain all your ſervants; as if mankinde was made but for your diverſion.

*Dulb.* A parlous woman Udsneaks.

*La. Fanci.* 'Tis well known, Madam; I've had as many Servants as any Lady between this and *Tweed*, as I may ſay; And I ever receiv'd 'em with all the Civility and Ceremonies Imaginable, Seriouſly. You ought to reſpect a perſon of his Quality and Education;—Your Servant ſweet Sir, your ſervant. [*Curtſying and looking Amorouſly.*

*Dulb.* She's in the right on't Udsfoot, forſooth, if you go to that; Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars, how do you like me now?

*Florell.* This is not generouſly done, to ſupplant me thus; but I ſhall leave you to feaſt upon your happineſs, and go mourn my own misfortunes. [*Exit.*

*L. Fanci.* Really Sir, you're extreamly well dreſt. This is very rich; pardon me ſweet Sir—— [*puts his Cravat in order.*
This is a very fine Lace;—pray what might this Suit Coſt?

*Dulb.* I fags I cannot tell, forſooth; But it coſt a power of money forſooth; Sun, Moon and Seven Stars, [*ſhews his fine Waſtcoat.*

*La. Fanci.* Seriouſly my Lord *Modiſh* had juſt ſuch another ſuit on, of all the World, when he firſt made his Court to me.

*Enter* Toby *and* Primroſe.

*Primr.* How greedily do's ſhe feed on thoſe nauſeous ſcraps of Love? A ſtale Maid, will Catch at any Fool, rather then lead Apes in hell.
[Toby *whiſpers* Fancifull *in the ear.*

*Toby.* Leave the reſt to my Management;—I'le ſpring the Woodcock, I'le warrant you.

*Fanci.* Dear Sir, pardon me;—I muſt leave you,— Extraordinary Buſineſs calls me aſide, Sir,—You'r the only Perſon I cou'd love to Converſe with, in the whole Town ſeriouſly; your ſervant ſweet Sir, Dear Sir.
[*Exit Curtſying.*

*Dulb.* How now *Toby*; how now *Toby?* Am not I woundy fine;—Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars how doſt like me now?

*Toby.* You out-ſhine all the Town-ſparks, and they'l make you the Modell and Pattern of all your gallantry.

*Dulb.* Will they ſo? they count me a fool mun *Toby*, they count me a fool.

*Primr.* And they'r much in the right on't—[*aſide*]--well Sir, you have made a fine buſineſs on't yonder; my Lady is ready to run mad; 'tis a ſad thing for Gentlemen to have the aſcendant o're their Miſtreſſes; pray heav'ns ſhe does not miſchief her ſelf about it.

*Toby.* Mollify a little, Sir; be not ſo hard-hearted.

*Dulb.* Who I *Toby?* I hard-hearted? I ſcorn her words: I'me as good a natur'd fellow as lives, If I'm pleas'd, that I am. Tell her, I can forgive her: How doſt like me now, *Primroſe?* how doſt like me now? [Toby *ſtands muſing.*

*Toby.* Faith Sir,; I've the prettieſt thing come into my head, juſt now.

*Dulb.* What is't *Toby?* what is't?

*Toby.* 'Tis a humour Sir, you'd top to a hair.

*Dulb.* If it be a humour, let me alone for a humour; I'm old Dog, at a humour, *Toby.*

*Primr.* O dear Sir; My Lady is ſtrangely taken with pretty odd humours: She'l dye with laughing at you, Sir.

*Toby.* You know Sir, your Couzen Sr. *John* has provided an Entertainment; now I've a diſguiſe for you.

*Dulb.*

*Dulb.* Say no more, let's about it, let's about it. I ſhall make ſpeciall ſport *Toby*: Come, come, Sir, 'twill be very taking I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Waſpiſh.

*Primr.* This *Olio* of humours, will afford us an excellent feaſt of Mirth; we ſhall laugh our belly's full; Bleſs me! here comes *Waſpiſh* to contribute to't; I'le raiſe a tempeſt in him, Immediately: [*He is reading his Parchm.*

*Waſp.* Mortgages, Mortgages; Bonds, Bonds, Bonds; very well I proteſt; O, Udsbodykins, here are the writings of my Eſtate proper; let me ſee,—— [*reads to himſelf.*]——well, it goes all to Mrs *Florry*,——my pretty little *Florry*. Udsbodykins wou'd I were at my my 20*th.* year again.

*Primr.* I'le quickly put you in another tune, Sir.

[*She gets behind him and ſteals his trumpet from his Girdle; he perceives it, and turns to ſpy her with his glaſs, ſhe ſtill turns with him, and pulls him by the ſleeve ſtill, as ſhe is behinde him.*

*Waſp.* Snoons, what's this? who is't? Snoons the Devil; I'm abus'd; Villains, Theives, help Murder, murder.

*She knocks his glaſs out of's hand, he goes to grope for't; ſhe throws him down, and tumbles him about; he ſtrives to get up but can't.*

*Enter Sr.* John Oldſop, *leading* Florella, Craftmore: Dorinda: *La.* Fancifull: Loveby, *and* Donnell.

Florella *picks up* Waſpiſhes *glaſs and helps him up; he beats her.*

*Waſp.* Have I caught you, have I caught you fury? [*looks in's glaſs and* Snoons, forgive Mrs *Florry*—— [*ſees 'tis his Miſtreſs.* I'le hang my ſelf; Snoons, Snoons.

*Florell.* Why wench, thou haſt us'd him unmercifully: He roar'd as loud as *Perillus* in his *Brazen-Bull.*

*Sr. John Old.* Pray Madam, let's remove this fool;—I have as great an Antipathy againſt an old fool, as ſome perſons have againſt Cheſhire-Cheeſe, or a breſt of mutton;—I'm ready to ſwoon at the ſight of him.

[*he offers to diſturb* Waſpiſh, *who is all this while fretting.*

*Florell.* On perill of my diſpleaſure Sir, let him alone.

*Sr. John.* Go fetch the fiddles in.—— [*to Donnell.*

*Donnell.* Ay, upon my Maker will I joy; and dance all the way.

[*He dances out; then brings in all the Fiddles ty'd about his waſt,* [*the Fidlers follow, he puſhes them back.*

Ay by my Shoul, you muſt not come in, my Maſter did but ſend for the Fiddles look thee——[*they take their fiddles, one ſings the Song, ſome play ſoft with it.*

*Sr. John.* Sing the Song I order'd you.

*Song.*

Song. Strephon *the brisk and gay,*
*Young* Strephons *Natures wonder,* [*All this while Sr.* John
*Whose eyes let forth, bright flames of Day,* [*walks about admiring*
*Whose ev'ry look does Souls betray,* [*himself & humouring*
*Or splits an heart asunder.* *the Song with Gestures.*

2

Strephon *has ev'ry Grace,*
*And wears 'em still about him,*
*The Nimph whose greedy eye doe's trace*
*The Swarming Beauties of his face,*
*Tields heav'ns no heav'n without him.*

3

*Who views his Miene or Air,*
*The lovely youth Confounds her,*
*He is so Charming, and so fair,*
*The heedless virgin Unaware,*
*Plays with the darts that wounds her.*

Madam, there are some persons, that can answer the Character.
[Oldsop *takes* Florella : Craftm. Dorinda : Loveby, Primrose.

*Loveby.* Come thou hither; second-hand fin'ry.
Fancifull *comes between 'em.*

*Fanci.* How now Impudence; why sure I'm not fall'n so low in the esteem of mankinde as not to be thought the fitter person to Dance with a Gentleman;—Sir your servant, I hope I may Claim the priviledge of your hand.

*Loveb.* Pardon me Madam; I profess I did not see your Ladyship; Otherwise I should have taken care to have avoided you— [*aside.*

*Fanci.* No excuse Sir; I'm satisfy'd 'twas an oversight: Your servant sweet Sir.

*Craft.* They say jealousie is quick-sighted;—and sees with as many eyes, as *Argus* did,—I'le observe ev'ry nod, smile and glance, that passes between 'em— [*aside.*

*A dance while they are dancing.*

Dulhead *comes in his disguise, and Dances ridiculously.*

Sr. John. Some Groom or Footman dress'd up to amuse us; Kick the Unseasonable

Unſeaſonable, Raſcal out,—his mirth is dull.

*Dull.* [*to Florella*] Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars; Do you know me forſooth? How do you like me now? [*They laugh, he dances out.*

*Fanci.* Seriouſly; I bluſh to ſee the Gentleman ſo far barbarouſly us'd;—I'le Immediately after him, and give him to underſtand, how your Ladyſhip derides him. [*Exit after him.*

Craftmore *to* Florella— Loveby *to* Dorinda, *after the Dance.*

*Craft.* Madam, I hope you'l pardon the Confidence of a ſtranger, If his Curioſity leads him to take a view of thoſe perfections that all the world admires.

*Florell.* Sir, I'm very Certain; there are many thouſand of a Contrary Opinion to your ſelf. I cannot but wonder at the ſtrength of your Imagination, that cou'd ſo ſuddenly create thoſe perfections you ſpeak of.

*Loveb.* Pretty little one, why do you ſhun me thus? You fly me as a trembling Fawn wou'd a Tyger, or a Lyon. I do not purſue you to make a prey of you, but to love and embrace you.

*Dorin.* Indeed now I do not know what you mean by your fine words, But ſuch a brave Gentleman as you, cannot love me ſure.

*Loveb.* You need not queſtion the poſſibility of it, when you have already taken poſſeſſion of my heart.

*Craft.* I Confeſs Madam, I have given my faith to a young Lady already; but now I muſt blame my ill Stars they did not firſt guid me to your Ladyſhip.

*Florell.* O Sir, they were not ſuch blinde guides, they ſaw better things for you. } *In this time* Loveby *is toying with* Dorin. *Courting her in dumb ſhew.*

*Dorin.* O Gemini, I can't endure you ſhou'd do ſo; You make me bluſh that you do— Let go my hand, or I vow I'le ſcratch you. [*She ſtruggles with him.*

*Craft.* 'Twill be policy now to retreat, and not to tempt my fortune too boldly; 'Tis in Womans nature to ſhun thoſe that fly them—[*aſide*] Madam your eyes are nimble Archers; and your *Cupid* is very Powerfull, ſhou'd I diſcourſe longer with you, I ſhou'd turn Rebell to my firſt flame, and then you might as well ſuſpect I wou'd be falſe to you too.

*Florell.* Wou'd you put in practice the former, I'de put the latter to a venture, and believe you, tho' I were deceiv'd by my Credulity. [*aſide.*

Craftmore *coming to* Loveby.

*Craft.* Have you any thing to do with that Lady, Sir?

*Love.* Some ſmall bus'neſs only to require the Reſtauration of an heart. [*Sr.* John *Sings and Dances—trys to cut the while.*

*Craft.* The Lady Sir, is a propriety.

*Love.*

*Love.* I have hopes to the Contrary.

*Craft.* Unhand her Sir; I wear a Sword:

*Loveb.* So do I Sir; in honour of this Lady. [*lay their hands on their Swords.*

*Sr. John.* Fy Gentlemen, do not render your ſelves guilty of ſo great a Soleciſme in good mauners, as to offer to draw in company of Ladys.

*Craft.* You may hear from me. [Craft. *and* Dorinda *go out one way.*

*Loveb.* My Sword Sir, ſhall anſwer you. [Loveby *the other.*

*Sr.* John *Dancing up to* Florella.

*Sr. John.* Thus will I deal out my Love to you eternally; and to you alone— [*Sings and Dances.*

*Florell.* Conceited Fool; he's grown as old in foppery as in years. [*aſide.* He has not heat enough to melt the Snow that lyes on's head.

*Primr.* And I dare ſwear Madam, he'l ſooner ſtand in need of a Nurſe himſelf, then give any Lady an Occaſion to uſe one— [*aſide.*

*He comes to her again.*

*Florell.* Doubtleſs Sir; I were over-happy, were I but aſſur'd of your Conſtancy.

*Sr. John.* Did all the tempting Beauties, Joyntly ſtrive to ſeduce me; by heav'ns Madam, they ſhou'd not draw me to a diſloyall thought.

*Florell.* I long to be rid of this fool-. [*aſide*] Sir, I've buſineſs within; pleaſe you go.

*Sr. John.* I wait on you Madam,—But I wou'd firſt inform you, that I purpoſely Contriv'd this match, that you might enjoy the freedom of Love without the Scandall that generally attends our married women; And beſides I have always had a greater reſpect to your birth; and your own particular perſon, then to make the diſhonourable offers of keeping to ſo noble a Lady.

Keeping's grown vulgar; Matrimony dull,
Be you my Miſtreſs then———

*Florell.*——And you my Fool,
Keeping of fools too, is quite out of faſhion
Yet ſuch a one's a gentile Recreation. [*aſide*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

## *The End of the Third Act.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* Craftmore, *and* Toby.

*Toby.* HOw lik'd you my Gull Sir?

*Craft.* I receiv'd I confeſs an unexpected pleaſure and ſatisfaction from thy Improvement of the Blockhead; he was too dull a fool to move laughter before.

*Toby.* O Sir; Did you but conceive how I wear this brain away in your ſerviee, from whence Inventions hourly work out like froth from new-bottl'd Ale; but I'm a man of few words Sir, of few words.

*Craft.* No more of this; but d'ye hear, as you hope to continue in my favour, do you go on to expoſe him in ſo many Ridiculous ſhapes & changes, that ſhe may deſpiſe and ſcorn him, tho' he cou'd joynture her to both the Indies.

*Toby.* Whereupon I immediately make to my property; poſſeſs him with an opinion of his laſt performance; and ſo draw him into greater abſurdities: But Sir,——[*as going, but returns*] when you've gotten your Miſtreſs; I ſhall not be your Steward, I warrant, and have the priviledge to cheat you by way of licence.

*Craft.* Be gone; I'le hear no more.

*Toby.* And put falſe bills of account upon you; till by my Induſtry, I'me poſſeſt of the better part of your Eſtate; and ſtand in Competition with you, in point of precedency, and of being thought the better Gentleman.

*Craft.* You'l go—— [*offers to beat him.*

*Toby.* I fly, I flye, Sir: [*Exit Singing*] I ſhew'd 'em ſuch, *&c.*

*Dorin.* And how did you finde your Miſtreſs? Is ſhe not as I told you, Yielding upon Terms of honour think you?

*Craft.* O ſhe was in a melting temper;——But I've ſo Unjuſtly and Scandalouſly abus'd her in my Sham-letter, that if ſhe diſcovers me I'm diſcarded for ever.

*Dorin.* You had beſt betray your ſelf to her, by your unmanly fears; like a Murderer that delivers himſelf into the hands of Juſtice.

*Craft.* Certainly my ill Genius ſet me on writing it, what a madneſs was it elſe, to wound the darling of my Soul; the beſt and tendereſt part of my ſelf; but what doubles my griefs, is to finde my freind perfidious at laſt.

*Dorin.* Pardon me Sir, If I differ in opinion from you in that. I'm perſwaded the Gentleman is as far from being perfidious, as your Miſtreſs from

giving him an occaſion of being ſo.

*Craft.* I perceive you're brib'd to ſpeak for him, by your Love.

*Dorin.* Were it ſo; I need not be aſham'd to own my flame.

*Craft.* Take care *Dorinda*, his tongue has a Charm in it; and tho' he has the face of an Angell, and the ſhape of an Cherubin; yet his black ſwoln heart within may be fill'd with rapes, treacheries, and dark deſigns.

*Dorin.* You do ill to accuſe your freind, before you know him guilty.

*Craft.* I cou'd wiſh I had not too juſt an occaſion to ſuſpect him; But I ſhall take ſome meaſures as well to clear my doubt, as to Juſtify or Condemn the honourable thoughts you conceive of him. [*Exit.*

*Dorin.* I know not to what Extravagances his jealouſy may hurry him; But if he aims at his life, he ſtrikes at it thro' mine. O *Loveby*, Mr. *Loveby*; there's not a letter in his name but has a Charm in't.

*Enter* Loveby.

*Loveb.* I am deceiv'd, or I heard the name of *Loveby*; and know it muſt proceed from her mouth, for ſofteſt Airs of Muſick attended the ſound: why all this coldneſs and ſcorn in your face on a ſuddain? pretty little one. } [*Comes up to her, ſhe ſtarts and looks Innocently again.*

*Dorin.* O living dear, you always ſteal upon a body, and do ſo fright me.

*Loveb.* 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, that I ſhou'd be ſo dreadfull that at the ſight of me, you ſhou'd be fill'd with ſuch frightfull apprehenſions: I have no ſwinging long tayl, horns and Cloven-feet.

*Dorin.* Indeed now I'le not ſtay with you, if you talk of ſuch ugly things. [*looks about as fearfull.*

*Loveb.* Prettyeſt Creature, Dearer to me then my own eyes, I'le ſpeak to thee in gentle accents, ſoft as thoſe of Love-ſick Virgins, breathing out their Souls in tendereſt expreſſions, & careſs you gently, as the Morning-dew falls on the opening Roſe, or the fleece of ſnow on the boſom of the cold vale.

*Dorin.* O Gemini! I vow now you ſay ſuch pretty things of all the world as Mr. *Bellamore* did, when he converted me firſt.

*Loveb.* And dear little Lady, why may not they have the ſame effect?

*Dorin.* Indeed now, I cannot tell forſooth Sir, You make me bluſh.

*Loveb.* Pretty Modeſty—— [*He kiſſes her hand.*

*Dorin* O living dear, I would not ſtay any longer with you, for a World, ſhou'd Mr. *Bellamore* come and ſee you, he'd kill you, indeed now— and I am ſo afraid he ſhou'd kill you.

*Loveb.* Kindly fear'd [*he Embraces her, ſhe ſtruggles.*
Nay, deareſt, you muſt pardon me, if I haſten thus to enjoy my happineſs: There's no one but wou'd arrive at Heaven as ſoon as he cou'd.

*Dorin.* Indeed now, but if you will go to Heaven, you muſt dye firſt.

*Loveb.* And that I cou'd an hundred times for you, had I ſo many lives,

was

was I ſure but to paſs the laſt few tranſitory minutes in your dear arms.

[*embraces her.*

*Dorin.* O Leminies! I wonder you are not aſham'd to rumple ones Cloaths ſo.

*Enter* Florella *and* Primroſe.

*Florell.* Oh horrid baſe perfidious Villain; Monſter of Falſhood:

*Primr.* Nay, your Ladyſhip may partly thank your ſelf for it. As you tender your quiet, Reputation, and Honour, Madam, [*ſhe ſees* Loveby. I beg you'd bridle your paſſion. [Loveby *comes to her.*

*Loveb.* Madam, your Servant; you have an angry Cloud ſetl'd on your brow; whence do's it proceed?

*Florell.* I cannot look upon you, Sir, but I think on the Curſed Cauſe of it.

*Dorin.* I hope forſooth you're not anger'd with me; I'le go and ſee after Mr. *Bellamore* and tell him, that I will. [*Exit* Dorin.

*Loveb.* I'le after her, I muſt not allow her time to cool again.— [*aſide.* Madam, I'me ſorry to ſee you thus diſcompos'd; and am much more ſo, to finde the ſight of me, ſhould be any way the cauſe of your diſcontent. [*Exit.*

*Primr.* Did you obſerve with what Indifferency he left you, Madam?

*Florell.* Fortune has debarr'd me from the Converſation of witty Men and ſet me up the mark of Fools; ſhe baits me with Apes and Monkies, and I've no ſooner ſhook off one, but a freſh one flys on me with all the fury Imaginable.

*Primr.* So, ſo, now the wind riſes. [*aſide.*

*Florell.* And they faſten on me by turns, with noiſe, Impertinence, or dull inſipid humours, which they take for wit: Methinks I hate all mankind for thy ſake, perjur'd *Craftmore*; Oh that I had thee here; I'de tear thee in pieces, thus, [*ſhe pulls the Letter out, and tears it in pieces.* falſe-hearted Traytor.

*Primr.* There's a way to be reveng'd, cou'd you think on't, Madam?— Think on Revenge,— Revenge is ſweet, Madam. There are other Men in the World, as Proper, Beautifull, and Rich as he, every whit.

*Florell* Thou haſt put a ſtrange thought in my head;— Here's one Mr. *Bellamore* in this Houſe, Servant to *Dorinda.*

*Prim.* So, ſo, now is all this bluſt'ring o're, and ſhe's veering to another quarter. Had ſhe as many Lovers, as there are points in the Compaſs, ſhe'de run 'em all over in half an hour— [*aſide*]— Your Ladyſhip has obſerv'd very well.

*Florell.* What thin'ſt thou of him Wench?

*Primr.* O Madam, He's a ſweet-tongu'd Gentleman, he'd raviſh any woman alive.

*Florell.* Doſt think 'tis feaſible.

*Primr.* Then his limbs are so exactly form'd, so smooth and plyant, you'd swear they were made in Wax. There are Legs, Arms, Shoulders, and a body straight as an Arrow:
This sets her a-gog. [*aside.*

*Florell.* I am resolv'd to try my chance—— Could we but contrive to put *Dorinda* on *Loveby*, my passage were clear. I'le presently into the Garden, where we may be private and discourse him about it.

*Primr.* It succeeds I'le warrant you, Madam— Vastly Rich they say, of a great Family, and an Education equall to both. Ne're fear, no veins of flint grow in his heart.

*Florell.* I have resolv'd what to do;— I'le send him a kinde Note; wherein I'le signify that a certain Lady has a passion for him. And see how he entertains that, and make my advances accordingly.

*Primr.* My very thoughts, Madam; something may be learn'd from his Man—— seem you nothing concern'd: Entertain all your fools as before, my life for't you have your design.

*Enter* Dullhead *laughing.*

*Florell.* One can no sooner speak of a Fool; but he's at hand: [*aside.*

*Dullh.* I warrant you forsooth; you took me for a fool, I'm a man of no humour—— [*Dances as before*] Sun, Moon, and seven Stars; how do you like me now forsooth?

*Florell.* How Insipid is the most diverting Coxcombs, when we have distemper'd minds, like meats to sick pallats they are all tastless: [*aside.* Sir, you'l spoil the humour, by making it too common.

*Prim.* Madam, Compose your self; and don't let slip the satisfaction you may receive from the performances of so compleat a Blockhead: Folly after discontent is a sweetning relish, after a bitter potion.

*Dullh.* Forsooth, don't you remember a strange person in an odd sort of habit but now; that was I forsooth; I warrant you did not know me. But observe, if you hear or see any one speak or do any thing, and all the Company laughs, to be sure that's I forsooth, that's I.

*Florell.* Incorrigible fool.

*Primr.* Madam, you drive the humour too far.

*Dullh.* Nay, If you go to that, there be those that can value themselves, Udsfoot, I can be as touchy as another, that I can; Sun, Moon, and seven Stars how do you like me now? Farewell to you Udsneaks, if you go to that. [*Exit* Dullhead.

*Enter*

*Enter Sr.* John Oldfop *in another ſuit, a Ribband ty'd round his wriſt; with a Locket on't,* Donnel *and* Strain-Conſcience *following him;* Strain-Conſcience *looking demurely.*

*Sr. John.* Raſcall, Dog, If you can't lye for your dayly bread, I've done with you; let me not have you making ſour faces like a jugler Swallowing knives, put on your praying face: The Demureneſs of your looks will Sanctify a lye.

*Strain-Con.* O Conſcience, Conſcience, this Maſter of mine will damn me, that's for Certain.

*Donnell.* Chreeſh't bleſh thy ſhweet faiſh; I vil lye for tee joy, what ſhall I lye for tee?

*Prim.* You cannot now, Madam, let ſullen diſcontent ſit on your brow, when you have ſo many ridiculous objects before you, to diſſolve you into laughter;—So, now it begins to clear up again— [*aſide.*

*Sr.* John Oldfop *comes up to her*

*Sr. John* Madam, ſome Extraordinary buſineſs maliciouſly detain'd me from the proſpect of ſo much gallantry; ſome few ſhort viſits I've paid; and let me dye if I could have reſcu'd my ſelf from the Importunities of the fondlings, but upon urging my engagements to your Ladyſhip.
Dog; Remember—[*to* Strain. [*He walks about to ſhew his Cloaths,*
[*turns the Locket round his wriſt.*

*Florell.* You grace me with your favours, and dazzle me with all this bravery;—You're extreamly proper, really Sir;— Tynſy'd Aſs— [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* Severall perſons of quality at Court, think it no diſcredit to their wit and parts in the miſtery of dreſſing to imitate me.

*Florell.* Pardon me Sir; If I am too curiouſly bold. [*Looks on the Locket.*
Indeed this is very fine.

*Sr. John.* A trifle beſtow'd on me by a Dutcheſs I danc'd with lately at Court.

*Strain-Con.* O I will lye now Immoderately; forgive me ſweet *Conſcience*; Sir there is a Lady,—true; there's an Equivocation—[*aſide*]—moſt affectionately deſires—ay, good, no doubt, but ſhe does affectionately deſire ſomething—[*aſide*—To ſpeak—'Tis ſure, if ſhe's enjoyn'd Silence [*aſide.*
with you Sir;—O lo, Olo,—that's a damn'd lye now—[*aſide*] So that's gone.— [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* Did not I Command you Raſcall to deny me to all that enquir'd after me? Her buſineſs, Lodgings, and her name?

*Strain-Con.* O lo, O lo; why there 'tis again;—why there 'tis now;—One Madam *Cleverwit*, that lodges at Mr. *Draper-wells*, over againſt the Royall Exchange;—O, I lye, I lye, I lye;—[*aſide* And ſhe begs the honour of a viſit this Afternoon, ſo that's gone too— [*aſide.*

*Donnell.*

*Donnell.* Ay by my Shoul and Shaint *Patrick*; I will go ſhee if thou doſh't lye for my maſhters ſhweet ſake; if thou doſht not, I will make beat on thy fathers Child, look tee dear joy.— [*aſide*

*Primr.* Excellent ſport— [*laughs.*

*Florell.* Let me not detain you from the Arms of your Miſtreſs, All the Ladys I finde, make their Court to you.

*Sr. John.* They're all beneath my Conſideration;—No Madam, ſince my Converſation with you, I nauſeate their deſpicable amours;—I'le redeem my ſtray heart; and divorce me from their Cheap Vulgar Love; and the Circle of your Arms ſhall be to me, that of the whole world;—Go on Raſcall, do you ſtick? [*aſide*

*Florell.* I will not hope it;—This Crevat Sir, Is point de Venice, the work Is high, and the flower very agreeable.

*Sr. John.* A ſlight piece to appear in at the Play-Houſe, or ſo: An *Italian* Lady preſented me with one worth ſix of it.

*Strain-Con.* Mercy on me, no Equivocation:— I will lye abundantly; have patience with me good Satan—[*aſide.*]— And this very Lady Sir, has ſent you this Ring—O lo,—o lo. [*aſide.*

*Prim.* Improbable Sham, this is a preſent from himſelf to himſelf. [*aſide.*

*Strain-Con.* I was almoſt worry'd as I came hither, have patience ſweet *Belzebub*—[*aſide.*]— One ſends her Footman to me; the other her Page—I lye—[*aſide*]— A Third her woman. O lo, O lo, I have two or three ſwinging lies to come yet; Do not twinge me good *Conſcience.* [*aſide.*

*Prim.* This is extravagantly ridiculous. [*aſide.*

*Strain Con.* A fourth begs and Intreats me: In ſhort, Sir, they're grown ſo troubleſome, I cannot go about your buſineſs for 'em— O lo, O lo, there all's out; I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience. [*aſide.*

*Enter* Donnell.

*Donnell.* By my Shoul joy I did run to de plaiſh dere over againſt de great plaiſh,; And I did ask after de Laady, but tere waſh no ſuch Laady, by my ſhoul thou diſht lye very much well for my Maſhters ſhweet ſake.

*Sr. John.* Blund'ring fool, who ſent you on this Errand? Madam, he has miſtaken the place, you may finde by the account he gives; Dull, Incorrigible ſot. [*beats him.*

*Donnell.* Upon my Shalwation, now I ſhwear by my Maker, and by him that made me, and by the Devil take me too, tou doſh make beat on poor *Donnell:* Much good it may do me. [*howls.*

*Enter* Dullhead.

*Dullh.* I ſhall leave you forſooth; If you go to that, Udsfoot: I am a Perſon

ſon that underſtand how to take an affront: Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars; how do you like me now? I ſhall leave you Udsfoor, if you go to that.

*Enter* Fancifull *ſtanding behinde.*

*Fan.* O me! what did he ſay? what a trembling ſeiz'd my heart, oh, oh,—will he leave us?

*Sr. John.* What means this?

*Florell.* He is diſtaſted Sir, at ſome words I dropt unawares.

*Dulh.* Fool wounds deep forſooth, with men of my temper.

*Sr. John.* You muſt bear with ſuch petty affronts, I have been call'd a thouſand Fops, Fools, and Aſſes by Ladies e're now: Come; you muſt be reconcil'd to her.

*Dulh.* I am woundy good-natur'd: I can forgive you forſooth: how do you like me now, Couzen Sr. *John*?

*Sr. John.* Madam; I perceive the Aſs is fickle; and he may diſappoint our long expected joys by his folly;—I'le take order the writings be drawn, and all things in readyneſs for the Solemnity:—pleaſe you to walk dear Madam.

[*Exeunt Sr.* John *and* Florella *with* Strain-Con. *and* Donnell.

[*Lady* Fancifull *meeting* Dulhead.

*La. Fanci.* Dear Sir; I thought you was going to deprive us of your good Company, and leave me here, to mourn your abſence.

*Dulh.* No, no; I'm reconcil'd Sweet Lady.

*Fanci.* Sweet Lady;— A fine ſpoken Gentleman, that word has Reviv'd me;—I wonder at the ill breeding of Mrs. *Florella*, to abuſe a Gentleman of your quality, worth, wit, and Beauty.

*Dulh.* Of my worth, wit, and Beauty; Udsfoot ſhe underſtands me I finde.

*Primr.* That's more then ever you your ſelf did— [*aſide.*

*Fanci.* Sir, I proteſt, of the number that ever made Love to me; (and I'le warrant I've had an hundred) you're the only perſon I cou'd ever fancy.

*Dulh* Udsfoot, this face has been doated upon by fine Ladies, forſooth, I muſt tell you.

*La. Fanci.* Oh Dear Sir, I'm Convinc'd of that by my own affections: But as I was ſaying, you're the only Gentleman I admire; tho' I confeſs my Lord *Sparkiſh* was a fine perſon: Sir *Tymothy Long-Title* had his peculiar graces too; Dear Sir, you've an Extraordinary white hand, and your fingers are ſo like Sr. *Thomas True-Shapes*, ſeriouſly. *ſhe kiſſes his hand.*

*Primr.* So, now there's another blaze of her paſſion; it riſes by fits like a waſted Candle when 'tis burn'd to the ſnuff. [*aſide*

*Enter*

*Enter* Toby

*Fanci.* But here comes my Engine;—I muſt withdraw.— [*aſide*] Dear Sir your Servant, Servant ſweet Sir. [*Exit.*

*Dulh.* O *Toby*! how is't *Toby*; Did not I humour the buſineſs to a hair juſt now? Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars, how doſt like me now *Toby*?

*Toby,* Faith Sir, I was ready to ſplit my ſides at you. Did you not obſerve how all the Company laugh'd as ſoon as you appear'd?

*Dulh.* My Couſen Sr. *John* was angry with me for't; But he's a fool man: He does not underſtand an humour Udsfoot.

*Prim.* Have you found his Equipage where I laid it out for you. [*aſide*

*Toby.* Yes, yes; begin, and I'le ſecond you. [*aſide*

*Primr.* Sir, you may think your pleaſure of my Lady, but I can aſſure you ſhe admires you for your ſhapes; and ſhe's always running 'em o're: and praiſing 'em to her ſelf, tho' ſhe ſays you'r ſomething groſs.

*Toby.* He's a little Corpulent; but that's eaſily remedy'd; I'le undertake to make you leſs by 3 Inches in a quarter of an hour: It wou'd not be amiſs if your ears were par'd a little.

*Dulh.* Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars, my ears *Toby*? why, they are not Aſſes ears; no, no; but I care not, If I be taken leſs by 2 or 3 Inches.

*Primr.* The Gudgeon bites. [*aſide.*

*Toby.* I'le do it for you, Immediately Sir; Come pleaſe you to uncaſe a little.

[*While he's Undreſſing*; Primroſe *fetches in a Ridiculous habit*; [*he laces him in Stays*; *and dreſſes him Fantaſtically.*

*Toby.* Draw in your breath Sir,—Very well—I'le warrant you this will do it.

*Dulh.* Why *Toby*; Udsfoot thou wilt ſqueeze my ribs flat: oh, oh, oh: Udsfoot I ſhall not be able to fetch breath preſently. Thou haſt taken me in above 2 Inches, O, O, O, what a pox doſt mean *Toby*? ſlack a little; I ſhall ne're be able to endure it, O, O, O!

*Toby.* Nere fear't Sir,—He begins to come to't;— here's a ſhape now; here's a waſt, Clean and ſlender,— as a Maſt-pole— [*aſide*

*Primr.* I believe my Lady is bigger round—A delicate ſhape on my word.

*Toby.* Come Sir, we have but four holes more; patience Sir; patience:

*Dulh.* O, O, O! Udsneaks *Toby*, I think I begin to leak at the lower End, O, O, O, hold, hold, hold, my heart will leap out at my mouth, If thou goeſt one hole farther. [*as ſcarce able to ſpeak.*] I warrant I'm taller now then I was, by 3. or 4. Inches, Udsfoot, O, O, O, don't I ſhoot up?

*Primr.* An 'twere Sparagus, I can ſee you grow: May I ne're hang pendant in Ladies ear more, If I think you have your fellow in the three Kingdoms.

*Dulh.* Uh, Uh—[*ſtrives but can ſcarcely ſpeak.*] Unconſcionable *Toby*, what

what doſt mean? O, O, O!

*Toby.* Have patience Sir, you'l quickly maſter this; If I had a minde to't, I cou'd draw you through a Gold Ring, like an Egg ſteept in Vinegar; come Sir, I'le bate you a hole or two; So, now I know it ſits eaſy: [*puts on the reſt*

*Primr.* Thou haſt Crampt him I faith [*aſide* [*of the things.*

*Toby.* Now we are gone ſo far Sir; we l ſet another humour on foot, what ſay you?

*Dulh.* I was juſt thinking on't Udsneaks; — [*as ſcarce able to ſpeak.*

*Toby.* What think you then of Perſonating a deſpairing Lover before your Miſtreſs; I have a willow-Garland ready for't, And a Copy of Verſes ſo pat to the purpoſe, 'twill be admirable, Sir, 'twill be admirable.

*Dulh.* Udsneaks, O, O, O, — ſo 'twill: But I fear I ſhall ne're be able to Compaſs it, for as I'm a Gentleman, I cou'd ne're endure a written hand in my life, — O, O, O.

*Toby.* Leave that to my Inſtructions; Come let's in and practice.

[*He puts him in ſeverall Ridiculous poſtures.*

*Dulh.* I ſhall be apt, *Toby*; I ſhall be apt; O, O, O, there was a twinge: Sun Moon and 7 Stars, how do'ſt like me now *Toby*? how do'ſt like me now?

*Toby.* Excellently well Sir, along, along: [*Exeunt* Dulh. *and* Toby.

*Primr.* Senſeleſs Idcot! well; this muſt needs prove very pleaſant; I'le not diſcover it to my Lady, the ſurprize will make it much more diverting.

*Enter* Waſpiſh *in a great paſſion; throwing his Cloak, tugging his Ears and ſtamping,* &c.

Bleſs me! here comes the old angry Baboon, his fit's not over yet; this beating of his Miſtreſs, ſticks in his ſtomack ſtill.

*Waſp.* O Unfortunate, Unfortunate; Snoons, Snoons, I'le hang my ſelf, Cut my throat, drown my ſelf; No a little Rats-bane or Sublimated Mecury, Snoons Unfortunate, oh, — oh! — Let me ſee — [*He walks up and down ſtamping,*

O Mrs *Prim*, ſtand my friend Mrs *Prim*, [*takes his glaſs out and ſpys her.*

not a word yet Mrs *Prim.* — [*Runs and ſtops her mouth*

*Primr.* Now to make this Scene compleatly Comicall, what device Shall I have? O! I have thought on't — [*while ſhe ſpeaks he puts his*

Sir: I doubt 'tis beyond my power to [*Trumpet to his Ear.*

Reconcile my Lady, ſhe vows never to ſee your face again:

Oh if you had but heard the wiſhes ſhe utter'd 'twoud have made you tremble.

*Waſp.* Oh, oh! Do not let me hear 'em then; 'twill be the Death of me, oh, oh! [*groans and ſighs.*

*Primr.* There's one way left yet; — Come Sir, be pacifi'd. You talk'd but now of hanging your ſelf; wou'd you be rul'd by me you ſhou'd Counterfeit the thing; and ſo exactly; It ſhou'd turn more to your advantage then you dream of.

*Wasp.* Udsbodikins, say you so Mrs *Prim.* any thing, Mrs *Prim.* any thing; But how may it be done?

*Primr.* Why look you; 'tis but to be hung by the Arm-pits; holding your head a little on one side; pulling your handkercheif over your face: strugling, kicking, and heaving a little.

*Wasp.* Udsbodikins; It must needs melt her into Compassion.

*Primr.* Then come I; Scream out as affrighted, cut the Rope, Chafe and rub you; and give you some Spirits, pretending to fetch you again; The Garden door will be the fittest place, because my Lady's now there; she'l be sure to see you Sir.

*Wasp.* A pretty Contrivance, I protest, A very pretty Contrivance; This must needs work upon her;—Come, come, Mrs *Prim.* [*Exeunt.*

## *The Scene Changes to a Garden.*

*Enter* Florella *and* Loveby *as in discourse.*

*Loveb.* And Madam; may I firmly rely on what you say?

*Florell.* As on your Creed Sir, She's strangely enamour'd of you; She was infinitely taken with you this morning in the Park, and since, I have overheard her talking of you to her self, like an Usurer, recounting his darling Sums.

*Loveb.* Upon this Assurance, Madam; I'le push my designes on more vigorously: But I fear the little Baggage will be talking to me of that Bug-bear-Matrimony; shou'd she put it home to me; I shou'd be apt to play the Fool, and take the marriage bit into my mouth, if I cou'd not prevail otherwise.

*Florell* O fye Sir; I hope your designes are honourable, upon this Condition I promise you my assistance: But otherwise, I utterly disclaim it; She's an Heiress, and has a plentifull Estate I hear.

*Loveb.* Is not the first Fortune has been stoll'n you'd say.

*Enter* Craftmore.

*Craft.* She came this way, and the privacy of the place will allow me the opportunity of disclosing my Passion more freely: If she seems cold, which my last Interview confirms me almost she will not; I can fall off as fast as she; or if she offers to make it publick or expose me, I can deny it every word: Ha! Sdeath, *Loveby*! I am Confirm'd now he is false.

[*walks along to look for her, Spies* Loveby *and her together.*

*Loveb.* Faith, Madam, I cannot despair of success, Influenc'd thus by the Encouragement and assistance of your Ladyship: You'l be faithfull and constant to your fair promises;—your Servant Madam:—[*Kisses her hand and* Ex. *Florell.*

*Florell.* So, he's ſure,—and now he's devoted to my Service. By this means I ſhall be Reveng'd of that baſe faithleſs, black-mouth'd Libeller. [*aſide.*

*Craſt.* I'le Cruſh this monſter *Loveby*, or looſe my life in the attempt. Friendſhip I finde is an Aiery notion, that ne're had any other Exiſtence, then in a few letters, the decoy of fools, by which they'r wheadl'd into a belief of the integrity of thoſe very men that intend to prey upon 'em.

*Florell.* This is an happy opportunity; I'm reſolv'd [*She ſees* Craſtmore I'le take the advantage of an Innocent freedome. [*aſide.*

*Craſt.* Hold! Yet this Charge may be raſh and groundleſs; I'le try my fortune; but firſt, down ſwelling heart——[*ſighs.*— ſo, now I'le venture to ſpeak to her; You'r walking here penſively; thus alone, Madam, ſeems to ſpeak you poſſeſt with Cloudy Melancholly.

*Florell.* But the approach of you Sir, guilds my face with ſmiles, and drives away all thoſe Clouds you ſpeak of, 'twou'd be as impoſſible to be ſad in your preſence, Sir.

*Craſt.* As for a man not to be in Love in yours, Madam.

*Florell.* I ſhall not be ſo vain, as to think you ſpeak the reall Sentiments of your minde, ſince I underſtand your Love is all diſpos'd of already, to one who has greater Charms and merit, to recommend her to it.

*Craſt.* This is ſtrange and unexpected, ſhe gives ground apace; this ſeems to ſuit with the purport of her Billet. But both perhaps may be forg'd, on purpoſe to make me diſcover my ſelf; but I muſt believe her when 'tis my Int'reſt to do ſo—— [*aſide*

*Florell.* I ſee by your grave Conſideration you begin to repent the Charges of your Complement, and the leaſt intimation of your *Dorinda*, has ſoon brought you back to her arms.

*Craſt.* Madam, I confeſs there are ſome ſmall obligations between us; But your Ladyſhip might lay far greater on me by honouring me, with the Title of your Servant.

*Florell.* The requeſt is ſo modeſt, I ſhall not deny it.

*Craſt.* By heav'ns I'm Conqueror at laſt; I have now the alluring proſpect of all earthly Joys before me, and a few gentle ſteps, will bring me to the Enjoyment of 'em; I am come now to ſomewhat of a knowledge of my ſelf; and am fully Convinc'd, I have wrong'd both my Miſtreſs & my Friend. [*aſide.*

*Enter* Dulhead *and* Toby: Dulh. *with a willow-Garland in one hand, and a Paper in 'tother.*

*Toby.* you Remember the tone.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot *Toby:* I'le tune 'em I warrant thee.

[*Reads as a Country Clark does a Pſalm.*

*Toby.* Go on Sir, yonder ſhe is; How he moves along, as ſtiff as tho' he was in a Caſe of Wainſcot. [*aſide.*

*Craft.* What have we here? O 'tis *Toby*'s Machine. [*aside.*

[ Dulh. *reads ſcarce able to ſpeak.*

Dulh. *reads.*

*A Willow-Garland thou didſt ſend*
*Perfum'd laſt day to me;*
*Which did but only this Portend*
*I was forſook by thee.*

Sun, Moon, and 7 Stars; how do you like me now forſooth?

*Craft.* What's this? the Pageant of a forſaken Lover, Madam? I wonder you cou'd be ſo hard-hearted, to drive ſuch a handſome witty Gentleman into deſpair, ha, ha, ha!

Dulh.

*Since ſo it is, I tell thee what,*
*To Morrow thou ſhalt ſee,* O, O, O.
*Me wear the Willow, after that*
*To dye upon the Tree.*

*Florell.* O my Conſcience 'tis *Dulhead*; 'Twere pity Sir, but you ſhould be as good as your word.

Dulh.

*As beaſts unto the Altars go,*
*With Garlands dreſt, ſo I*
*Will with my willow-wreath alſo,*
*Come forth and ſweetly dye.* O, O, O.

*Craft.* The Pſalm's ended.

*Florell.* If he would but come to the Execution now.

*Dulh.* Do you know me forſooth? Sun, Moon and Seaven Stars how do like me now? Was my Couzen Sr. *John* here now, he'd think ſome body put this into my head now, O, O, O. I'le find him out, and ſhew him the humour, and make him wonder at my Invention.

*As he is going out* Waſpiſh *is diſcover'd, hanging over the Garden-door ſtrugling and kicking*; Dulh. *ſees him, and ſtarts back.*

*Craft.* Madam, pleaſe you to walk this way: A very pleaſant Garden: We are now in a kinde of Paradice. [ Craft. & Flor. *courting in dumb ſhew*

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, what's here? has *Waſpiſh* hang'd himſelf? I warrant if he's found out he'le be try'd for his life; I ſaw a pure Watch he had to day: I'le borrow it, till he has occaſion for't again, O, O, O. Firſt let me try whether he's *Compos Mentis* or no. [ *He whirls him round, then goes to pick his pocket.*

*Waſp.* Theives, Theives, I'me robb'd, Murder, Murder.

*Dulh.*

*Dulh.* O, O! Ghoſt I defy thee, O, O, I ſhall be hang'd that's certain: Udsfoot I'me dead, I'me dead; Ghoſt I defy thee, O, O, O.

*Craft.* The noiſe came this way—— [Dulh. *Riſes and runs out.*
Ha! here's the old Gentleman hung up like *Eraſmus*, between Heav'n and Hell; See how he twirles round like a Sparrow roaſting at the end of a packthred; ha, ha, ha!

*Florell.* I'm confident this is my womans Roguery. [Waſp. *crys Murther.*
How ſhe has tortur'd the poor old fellow!

*Craft.* Come Sir, I'le ſave you from the Gallows for once; If you will not make good an old Proverb, and cut my throat for't [Craft. *cuts him down.*

*Waſp.* Snoons;— I'le hang you all—— O my diſgrace, O my ſhame,—— Udsbodikins, I'le e'n fall ſick of the ſullens, go to bed and dye with grief, ſnoons, I will. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Primroſe *with a Letter in haſte.*

*Primr.* O Madam the ſtrangeſt News.

*Florell.* We have ſeen your device already.

*Prim.* 'Tis not that I mean, Madam; Do you know that Gentleman? 'Tis Mr. *Craftmore.*

*Craft.* Am I betray'd—[*aſide*]— This is pleaſant I'faith, what does your woman mean, Madam? [*looks hard on him.*]

*Florell.* The very ſame o' my Conſcience wench, ha, ha, ha! how cam'ſt thee to finde it out?

*Primr.* Madam, I intercepted this letter by Chance; pleaſe you to read it, 'tis directed to him: Mr. *Lovely* I hear has given out that he's return'd from travell.

*Craft.* O this negligent Raſcall, my Cormorant; and am I betray'd by my Friend too? [*they both laugh.*
What means this unreaſonable laughter?

*Florell.* Your unreaſonable preſence Sir; You may put off your diſguiſe; poor Mr. *Craftmore*; I ſwear you are an excellent Man at an Intrigue: Now wench the buſineſs of the letter, and all is out. [*they laugh.*

*Craft.* Do you ſee any one making Aſſes ears behinde me, or have I a Fools Cap and Bells on? You wou'd perſwade me I am not my ſelf.

*Florell.* No Sir, I wou'd perſuade you, you are your ſelf.

*Craft.* Well, Madam, I am the Man, if you'l have it ſo.— But I was never ſo miſtaken in my ſelf, all days of my life before.
Do you hear Madam. } *She throws the Letter, and goes out laughing with* Primroſe.

*Florell.* Adieu Sir, Da, da.
poor thing, wou'd it have a wife? [*Exit.*

*Crat.* O my damn'd careleſs Rogue, and more damn'd treacherous friend.

Tho'

'Tho' he did not know of my coming to Town, yet he reported it at a venture, perhaps on purpose to further his own designs—— Distraction, Distraction, Hell and the Devill; I shall run mad.

*Enter* Dorinda.

*Dorin.* Hey day! what's come to you now?

*Craft.* My hopes are all Shipwrack'd, I'm barbarously wrong'd by my Slave and my Frierd.

*Dorin.* Pardon me if I think you brand his Reputation.

*Enter* Loveby, *stands behinde unseen.*

*Craft.* Ay, doat on him still: and may he be as great a plague to you as she has been to me.

*Dorin.* Passion, passion, meer passion, and nothing else; Be advis'd, and hearken to reason.

*Loveb.* Ha! what's that? and was her Innocence only pretended, and her simplicity affected? The Sex had been amply Reveng'd, had she put false Dice upon me; Pox, this is some Country-Wench of a decay'd family, and craz'd Reputation;——One that he has debauch'd, and now wou'd put her off upon me, or any one that wou'd be fond of being ruin'd;——'Twas well I discover'd her; else this Algereen might have taken me with her false Colours, and made prize of me i'faith. [*aside* [*Exit.*

*Craft.* I cannot bear the reall falshood of a pretended friend, therefore I'le demand satisfaction of *Loveby*; and if he cannot defend himself with his tongue; let him if he dare, with his Sword. [*Exit*

*Dorin.* Anger is a short madness; and 'tis ill trusting a weapon in a Madmans hand: Let either fall, I suffer loss, in this of a Relation; In that, which is ten times more of a Lover: I'le try all ways Imaginable to prevent the threatning ills; and be sure to Examine all their motions, with a Curious eye.

We ought to watch those things we value most,
Since they're in danger to be soonest lost. [*Exit* Dorinda.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

# ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Toby.

*Toby.* THe Devil's in this ſlippery Jade, fortune; how ſhe juggles and plays faſt and looſe with us: If I cannot bring things about again, I muſt e'en ſhew my threatning Maſter yonder a fair pair of heels;—One of my Fools, I think I have pretty well manag'd already; he was ſhrewdly terrifi'd with the apprehenſions of old *Waſpiſh's* proceeding againſt him, and poſting into the Country; whereupon for a pretended diſguiſe I have equipt him with an old Ruſty Suit of Armour, which I accidentally met with in the houſe here; and he ſtruts about, and is as proud of it, as a new-liſted foot-Soldier is at the firſt putting on of his Calico-ſaſh, and great ſtinking Braſs-hilted Sword.

*Enter* Dulhead *in Ruſty Armour with a long* Spaniſh *Sword ſtrutting about the Stage.*

*Dulh.* Hum,——hum—hum—[*ſtrutting*] Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars, how doſt like me now *Toby*?—hum—hum—— [*ſtruts.*

*Toby.* Oh, It does rarely Sir; only let your gate be ſomewhat ſtiffer, your ſteps larger, and your head [*He puts him in's poſture,* a thought higher.— [Dulhead *ſtruts and ſtalks*, &c. Admirably well Sir; Be ſure you remember the terms of Art I gave you, your words of terror, and ſo forth, and you are a compleat Bully.

*Dulh.* Mum *Budget*—I warrant thee *Toby*; Udsfoot I ſhall be a terrible fellow——by *Garagantua*, *Gog*, and *Magog*, hea *Toby*, hea boy, hea. [Dulhead *practiſes ſtrutting and ſtalking*

*Toby.* To a hair Sir, you do it to a hair; [*about the ſtage crying hum, hum.* I'le leave you to your practiſe. [*Exit* Toby.

*Dulh.* Hum! hum! Udsfoot, but if he ſhou'd diſcover me at laſt, and apprehend me, he wou'd certainly hang me; and that wou'd be a diſgrace to me all days of my life after— Udsneaks, I had as good into the Country yet I think.

*Enter* Lady Fancifull.

*Fanci.* How, into the Country, did he ſay? O my misfortunes, I am loſt for

for ever, fall roof, and bury me quick in thy ruines— [*pretends to faint:*

*Dulh.* Hum! hum! [Dulhead *ſtalks to her*

*Fanci.* By this dear hand, you ſhall not go: [*takes him by the hand,*
For upon my word that Buſineſs of *Waſpiſhes* [*and kiſſes it.*
is made up; He is pacifi'd, and has forgiven you.

*Dulh.* Hum! hum! hum! [*not minding her*

*Fanci.* I am amaz'd both at the ſtrangeneſs of his Dreſs and behaviour, ſeriouſly—But oh that *Florella*, had you heard how ſhe abus'd you.

*Dulh.* Hum! Buz, Udsfoot, I ſhall be a woundy Bully: How forſooth; Did ſhe ſo, I defy her--hum! hum! She takes me for a fool belike--hum! hum!

*Fanci.* She is like the reſt of the young giddy women of the Town that doat on empty Shallow fellows, fine Cloaths and meer out-ſides; and never Conſider the inner and nobler Beauties of the mind; and have no reſpect for perſons of merit, ſuch as your ſelf Sir. [*Curtyſing.*

*Dulh.* Hum! hum! An Incomparable Lady: Say I met him now; I go up to him, and run full drive againſt him thus: [*Runs againſt* Fancifull *and*
Then I twirl his hat thrice round his head, [*almoſt beats her down.*
and give him not a word but Mum *Budget*:—hum! hum!

*Fanci.* His rude Deportment Confounds me, totally, totally: Sir I perceive; I do not engage or attract your thoughts:

*Dulh* Hum! Hum!

*Fanci.* Pleaſe you Sir to honour my Apartment, I can ſhew you ſome ſmall Monuments of my former Servants favours; As a Cabinet of Ebony, the Repoſitory of my Jewells; a Scruto're inlaid with Ivory, and ſtudded with Gold— Beſides ſome choice pieces drawn by the beſt hands in *Italy*, with my own Picture at the upper-end, and all preſents ſeriouſly.

*Dulh.* Hum! She is woundy rich: I'le have her, tho' I loſe my Eſtate by it. [*aſide*] Madam, forſooth, I am in love with you, and will marry you: *Toby* told me of your perfections before.

*Fanci.* Your Servant ſweet Sir, you are the only perſon I cou'd hope wou'd marry me—[*aſide*]— I'le to my Apartment, and put things in Order for your Reception. Your Servant dear Sir, your Servant. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Sir John Oldfop *the other way.*

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, here's my Couſen Sr. *John*— he'l not know me trow. I'le Bully him—Udsneaks, I'le Bully him—Hum! hum! hum! *&c.*

Dulh. *ſtalks to him, holding up his head, runs upon him.*

Hum! hum!

*Sr. John.* What vulgar Raſcal has been practiſing upon the Inſenſible?

Dulh. *walks by him, and hits him on the ſhins with the end of his ſword.*

*Dulh.* Hum! Buz!

*Sr. John.* What a pox ailes the Impertinent?— He is Infatuated; By heavens

heav'ns Infatuated;——Blockhead will you break forth into the Solution of the *Enigma*. [Dulhead *comes up to him again, and twirls his hat round his head.*

*Dulh.* Mum, Budget ——hum! hum!

*Sr. John Old.* Confound the Irregular Sot, what does he mean? Heark you Sir *Diego*, my Don *Fungoso*,—— [Dulh. *draws and drives him about the ſtage.*

*Dulh.* Nay then; by *Gog* and *Magog*; *Garagantua*, and the twelve Champions of *England*: *Francanado*:— [*thruſts at him.*

*Sr. John.* Ounds forbear;——

*Dulh.* Paſſado:

*Sr. John.* What the Devil, Couz!

*Dulh.* Palizado:

*Sr. John.* Hell and the Devill,—why Cuz. I ſay, Cuz.

*Dulh.* Slaſhado;—

*Sr. John.* Hold, hold,——

*Dulh.* Parado;——

*Sr. John.* Ounds, are you mad?

*Dulh.* Slapado.

*Sr. John.* What a pox; nay, nay, nay.

*Dulh. Strapado, Rapado, Baſtinado.*

*Sr. John.* Help, help, what a plague:—hold, hold.

[Dulhead *leaves off, ſtruts as before.*

*Dulh.* No, no; I am a Fool, a man of no humour: How do you like me now, Couzen Sr. *John*?——*Paſſado, Strapado, Rapado, Baſtinado*:

[*Runs at Sr.* John *as before.*

*Sr. John.* Nay what a Devil, hold, hold:— prithee Couz. lay by this humour, and ſurrender up thy ſelf to attention a little: Here will be ſome writings preſently which you muſt ſet your hand to; the Lady expects you, and all things are in Readyneſs.

*Dulh.* Mum, *Budget*——No I defy her Couſin Sr. *John*, I defy her, I have a Lady that is an Angel; and has a woundy deal of plate and Jewells.

*Sr. John.* Confound her: I fear *Fancifull* has ſet upon him with all her noiſe and affectation; ſhe is the mother of time; and was Nurſe to *Eves* firſt child.

*Dulh.* Popum *Buz*: Say you ſo Couſin Sir *John*, I can ſcarcely believe you tho'.

*Sr. John.* A meer toy-ſhop, a Change; and tells you of more Lords & Knights, that have been her Servants, then ever were heard of ſince the Order firſt came up.

*Dulh.* Then I defy her; I'de have her to know I defy her; I wou'd not have her tho' ſhe had a heap of Gold as high as the Monument; Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars how do you like me now? Couſin Sr. *John*.

*Sr. John.* I ſhall take care to ſecure you, leſt my deſigns are fruſtrated: [*aſide* A few ſwift-wing'd minutes will bring my Lawyer hither, and then I ſhall expect your ready Complyance; now will I prepare to feaſt and wantonly

Riot on all the luſcious Sweets of Love. [*Exit Dancing and Singing.*

*Enter* Toby *the other way.*

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, this is a parlous woman: If the old puſs had gotten me into her Clutches, ſhe'd have claw'd me off woundily, I fag.

*Toby.* How is this? By what I hear, his Couſin Sir *John* has work't him off from the Intereſt *Fancifull* had in him too; It muſt be my Buſineſs to bring him on again. [Dulh. *ſees* Toby: *he ſtruts about as before, and* [*twirls his hat round his head.*

*Dulh.* Hum! hum! Mum *Budget*: hum!

*Toby.* Heav'ns Sir, you're fortunately met.

*Dulh.* Why *Toby*, what's the matter? hea *Toby*!

*Toby.* O Sir, A Damnable plot againſt you.

*Dulh.* Ha, ha, ha! Is that all poor *Toby*, ha, ha, ha! That this fellow ſhou'd be ſuch a fool to think I cou'd not ſmell it out, ha, ha, ha!

*Tob.* Well Sir; you were certainly born with a caul upon your head, elſe my Lady *Fancifull*,—

*Dulh.* Had made a Fool of me thou think'ſt: Popum.

*Toby.* All miſtake Sir, all miſtake; Do but hear me.

*Dulh.* I defy her *Toby*; I defy her; No; I am juſt come to the point of agreement with *Florella*;

*Toby.* That is the very thing I came to give you a Caution of: For Sir, you muſt know your Couſin Sr. *John* has Contriv'd to make you ſigne to a Conveyance of part of your Eſtate; and intends to put *Primroſe* upon you, and marry *Florella* himſelf: Here ſhe is to witneſs it.

*Enter* Primroſe.

*Dulh.* Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars, a deep deſigne I fags; a peſtilent Contrivance: But *Toby*; I thought on this buſineſs my ſelf man;—Good wits will jump.

*Primr.* What he has told you, is very true; upon my word Sir, But they cou'd not win me to ſo baſe, ſo treacherous an Act.

*Toby.* 'Twou'd be a Maſter-peice to Countermine 'em, and blow 'em up with their own powder.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, I was juſt thinking on't *Toby*.

*Toby.* Therefore the better to further your purpoſe, do you ſeem to aſſent to every thing they propoſe: But what ever you do be ſure to ſecure the writings in your own hands.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, ſo I will;—Thou art a very honeſt fellow for this, *Toby*; ha, ha, ha! I can't chuſe but laugh to think how woundily I ſhall ſurprize 'em:—Lericum twang, *Buz.* ha, ha, ha! [*Exit laughing.*

*Toby.* So; this Buſineſs is done effectually:
If the Blunderbuſs go off; I'le engage he does Execution.

*Prim.* No doubt on't, when he is ſo dangerouſly loaded by your worſhip.

*Toby.* Say'ſt thou ſo, my little Nymph-tutelar, of the Dreſſing-box and pomatums

pomatums, my gentle veſtal 'oth Fires of Quince and Marmalade;—this rallery ſo becomes that pretty mouth of thine; that I gad Childe I am ſo in love with it, I could e'ne kiſs it again:—[*offers to kiſs her*]—But after all, Gad you muſt ſtand to me in this Buſineſs of the Letter, or I muſt ne're look my Maſter in the face again.

*Primr.* Oh dear Mr. *Toby*, the Conſtancy of your love, and the Sincerity of your paſſion, cannot but oblige exceedingly.

*Toby.* Look thee, here's a Letter; and I have Counterfeited the Superſcription ſo exactly, you can't diſtinguiſh it from the true: poſſeſs thy Lady, this was a meer forgery of thy own, and to Convince her, give her this: [*a Letter.*

*Primr.* A goodly work, going on.

*Toby* Which when ſhe breaks open; ſhe'le finde to be a blank:—Doſt ſee *Primroſe*, how theſe yellow Boys ſhine upon thee like ſo many little Suns.

*Primr.* I am heartily ſorry, the gentlemen are come too late.

*Toby.* Ay do, be obſtinate, and refuſe; and become a Scandal to thy profeſſion, do, do.

*Prim.* Well; I'le take 'em for once, that your Maſter may not think me ſo ill-bred, as to refuſe a Gentlemans kindneſs.

*Toby.* [*Sings*] Wou'd I had thee, quoth he?— [*embraces her.*

*Enter* Florella.

*Primr.* To your poſt, to your poſt; yonder's my Lady; not a ſmile, a look, or the leaſt token of familiarity.

Primroſe *and* Toby *Compoſe their Looks.*

*Florell.* Well friend, I muſt needs own your maſter is a non-parile at an Intrigue, we may ſee what great advantages may be reapt from travelling; without doubt he learn'd this Miſtery at the French Court; 'tis ſo far out of the Common road of Amours.

*Toby.* Madam; what means your Ladyſhip?

*Florell.* Ha, ha, ha, poor Gentleman; he thought he lay ſecure under his diſguiſe, ha, ha, ha.

*Primr.* Aſſiſt me once, good neceſſary Confidence; and bluſhes be as far from me, as ſneaking ill-bred Modeſty is uſually from a Siſter of my profeſſion: [Prim. *comes up to her*] Madam, I moſt humbly beg your pardon.

*Florell.* For what? is the wench mad?

*Primr.* I Confeſs Madam; I forg'd this Letter but now: but 'twas only to try how you ſtood affected towards Mr. *Craftmore*. [*gives her the Letter, ſhe*

*Toby.* Well ſaid little Matchiavil; [*breaks it open, finds a blank.*
I love and honour thee for this Choice gift of lying— [*aſide.*

*Florell.* How! and durſt you own it huſwife!

*Primr.* Since 'twas Innocently deſign'd Madam, I purpos'd to diſabuſe your Ladiſhip, and beg your pardon.

*Florell.* How cou'd you hope I wou'd grant it?

*Primr.* Upon the knowledge of the ſweetneſs of your Ladyſhips temper.

*Toby.* Aye; tickle her there my little Cockatrice—glibly, glibly--ſtroak her gently and betray her with a ſmile, do, do. [*aſide.*

*Florell.* And am I thus deceiv'd, and put upon by thee too?—Let me hear no more of theſe tricks, If you dare, go to your primitive Knitting Needles.

*Primr.* I promiſe your Ladyſhip, I ſhall be Cautious for the future in Caſes of this Nature. [*Exit* Florella.

*Toby.* Ah, my dear little Devil; let me kiſs and hug thee for this; I muſt confeſs I was Ignorant of thy great abilities before.

*A noiſe of Claſhing of Swords.*

*Enter* Craftmore *and* Loveby *as fighting*; Toby *beats down their Swords,* Dorinda *runs in between them*; *ſhe and* Primroſe *ſhrieking out.*

*Toby.* Sdeath Sirs what do you mean?

*Prim.* Now will I to my Lady, and this will Confirm her in the belief of what I told her, and that this is not Mr. *Craftmore.* [*Exit*

*Dorin.* I beg you, by the panting Souls of thoſe fair virgins that languiſh for you, put up your Swords.

*Craft.* Sir, you have wrong'd a friend of mine, and that in the higheſt nature; even in the right of his love; baſely, in his abſence.

*Loveb.* I underſtand you not Sir:—I wiſh I knew the Gentleman; that I might give him perſonall ſatisfaction.

*Craft.* Had you not once a familiarty with one *Craftmore*?

*Loveb.* Yes Sir; but no one dares think I wou'd print ſuch eternall ſtains upon my honour; as to violate ſo profeſt a friendſhip.

*Craft.* Did you not attempt to Rival him in the Intereſt of his Love?

*Loveb.* No Sir; upon my honour, no.

*Craft.* And to promote your own Amour, did you not (though you know no ſuch thing) ſpread a falſe Report of his return?

*Loveb.* Hell reward me if I did.

*Craft.* And taking this advantage of his abſence; endeavour to ſeduce his Miſtreſs from him.

*Loveb.* No, Sir, no; perdition Seize me, if it ever enter'd into my thought.

*Craft.* Know Sir, then, that I am he.

*Loveb.* Dear, dear, friend; welcome, welcome; ten thouſand welcoms.

*Craft.* Dear *Loveby* forgive me.— [*puts up his Sword.*

*Loveb.* As freely as I hope for the pardon of my own Sins.

*Craft.* Upon the aſſurance of your pardon; I'le Inform you at a more Convenient time, of the Unhappy cauſe of this Jealouſy;—this frenzy of mine;—why I us'd this diſguiſe;—for what reaſons I ſent my Couſin *Dorinda* hither.—

*Loveb.* How! what an Unlucky Dog am I; now am I aſham'd to look her in the Face:—[*bowing to her*]—Dear Madam, your pardon for all my Rudeneſs:—

*Craft.* Why, ſhe put on this mask of Simplicity, and I pretended Courtſhip to her.

*Loveb.*

*Loveby.* Come Faith *Ned*; you was a little too blame, that you did not give Notice of your being in Town; but to go quits with you, you muſt know I have had ſome ſuſpitions of you too; for when I perceiv'd this Lady's ſimplicity to be affected, I began to harbour diſhonourable thoughts of you both, but now I'm Convinc'd of my Error, and beg you'd Intercede to her for me.

*Dorin.* You had beſt try your own power firſt, Sir.

*Loveb.* Encourag'd by you, dear Madam, I dare do much: And here I wou'd make a tender of my whole heart to you.

*Dorin.* O Sir; I ſhall not be ſo unreaſonable to expect, that you a perſon ſo generally receiv'd by the Ladies, can any more confine your ſelf to one woman, then one bottle.

*Loveb.* Madam, I confeſs I have been a Rover;—But 'tis like thoſe that travell far thro' other Countrys to come to their own; but when they are there, they fix for ever:—Faith Madam 'twould be a charity in you to reclaim a wilde fellow.

*Dorin.* The Experiment carries ſo much of danger in it, I dare not venture.

*Loveb.* I Confeſs at firſt my deſign was diſhonourable.

*Dorin.* And how can I be aſſur'd 'tis otherways now?

*Loveb.* To give you a Demonſtration of it, I wou'd renounce my beloved liberty, for your ſake, and venture even to marry you.

*Dorin* And Repent it the next morning, like a raw acquaintance that has been fuddled with you over night.

*Craft. Dorinda*, diſſemble not any longer; give him your hand.

*Dorin.* He had my heart before. [*aſide*] [Craft. *puts her hand in his.*

*Craft.* And now friend, I have one Requeſt to you, that you wou'd aſſiſt me in my love, as I have you in yours.

*Loveb.* I were unworthy elſe, dear friend—— [*he embraces him.*

*Enter* Florella *and* Primroſe.

*Florell.* How *Primroſe*! Did you not ſay theſe Gentlemen were engag'd in a quarrell? Methinks 'tis a very loving one.—This Confirms me this is *Craftmore*; and all is a meer Sham you pretended but now.

*Primr.* What a turn is here? all's unravell'd again.—[*aſide*]—Believe me I've delt faithfully with your Ladyſhip.—

*Loveb.* Curſe on ill luck, here's your Miſtreſs; Do you lead *Dorinda* off, and Immediately ſend me a note; wherein ſignify your Contempt of her, that you're lately arriv'd and marry'd to another. [*aſide*] Expect me inſtantly. [*Exeunt* Craftmore Dorin. *and* Toby.

*Florell.* Ha, ha, ha Sir, you may ſtay;—ha, ha, ha!—Well, you're two of the quieteſt Sons of *Mars*, I ever ſaw:—Let me ſee: not ſo much as ſcratching of faces; or biting of thumbs;—prithee wench help me laugh.

*Primr* I muſt do it, leſt ſhe ſuſpect I am in the plot againſt her.

*Loveb.* Your Ladyſhip is in a very gay humour. [*They walk about laughing*

*Florell.*

*Florell.* Really Sir; tho' I muſt needs own 'twas a very Conſiderate thing of you, to prevent the effuſion of Chriſtian blood:— [*walks as before*

*Loveb.* You do not deſign to affront me: I ſhall leave you to the enjoyment of your humour. [*is going.*

*Enter a* Porter *with a note.*

*Port.* Is one Mr. *Loveby* here?

*Loveb.* Some people call me ſo, Sir.

*Port.* Here's a note for you Sir.———[*takes it and gives the* Porter *mony*

*Loveb.* [*Reading as Surpriz'd.*—]Dear *Jack* I've been hunting after thee theſe two days——there's not a Tavern has ſcap't me; I lodge at my Uncle *Freelands*, by the Temple. [*Exit* Port. [*reads on to himſelf.*

*Florell.* You ſeem Concern'd.

*Loveb.* Pleaſe you to reade it, I dare believe you'le be ſo too.

[Florella *takes it and reads.*

*Florell.* But hearing you was with a Caſt Miſtreſs of mine: [*reads*] Tell *Florella*, that I and my Lady intend a viſit within this half hour:—— Oh horrid! your faithfull friend *Edw. Craftmore.*

Oh Inhumane Tyrant! a Turk, or a Cannibal wou'd have treated me more civilly.——

*Love.* I cannot ſtay to hear you now Madam—— [*as going*

But faith methinks this was ſomewhat cruelly done of my friend.

*Florell.* If I be not reveng'd,——But ſeriouſly I thought the Gentleman you parted from was Mr. *Craftmore.*

*Loveb.* And that I preſume was the cauſe of your laughter: 'tis not generous to be of Counſell againſt my friend; but to ſerve you Madam, there is one way left yet; do you Sollicite young *Bellamore*; Muſter up your female Arts; ſpread all your nets to entangle him.

*Florell.* I have already attempted it, and but for my folly, I had ſucceeded.

*Loveb.* I can give you greater encouragement than you imagine: You know I made my Court to *Dorinda*, and at laſt with ſome difficulty, I prevail'd with her to hearken to Conditions: *Bellamore* perceiv'd it, and gave me a Challenge, which upon her Entreaties I declin'd, and ſeem'd to lay by all pretenſions to her: Upon this he embrac'd me and ſtyl'd me his Friend.

*Prim.* Now Madam, all's out; and you may finde, I am Innocent.

*Love.* But I only pretended this friendſhip, that I might the more ſecurely deprive him of his Miſtreſs, ſo that if you win him, you make room for me, and *Craftmore* will be diſappointed of his Inſulting Revenge.

*Florell.* My Oracle; my better Angell.

*Loveb.* I have ſome extraordinary buſineſs; and am in great haſt at preſent: Servant, Madam.

*Florell.* If I can but win upon young *Bellamore* now.

*Prim.* O let Mr. *Loveby* alone for an Intrigue; I'le lay my life Madam this takes effect: For when he finds he is bobb'd of his Miſtreſs, he'l be as eager

to

to Revenge his wrongs as your Ladyſhip. If he boggles at Matrimony, 'tis but to give him a bond of Security; and he cannot refuſe to own you.

*Enter* Dulhead *above looking out of the window, Knocking and Pounding*, &c.

*Dulh.* So ho, ho; ſo ho, ho, ho——Why *Toby*; Couz. Sr. *John*, So ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho;——Confounded Dog *Toby*—— [*hoops and hallows.*
Why *Toby*—*To*—*by*—*To*—*by*— [*knocks and pounds as before.*

*Enter* Toby *running with a long Rope.*

*Toby.* Is the Devil in your throat? we ſhall have you alarm the poſſe of ſome Six of the Neighbouring pariſhes, anon; and they'l be charging you with rotten Eggs and turnip-tops;—I have been trying to force the door, but in vain;—there's no other means for your eſcape, then by this friendly rope. Clap it a-croſs one of the bars, and [*throws up one end of the Rope to him.* throw me down the end again.

Dulhead *getting out of the window*, &c.

*Florell.* Mercy on us wench; what luggage of old Iron-work? what *Hero Burlesquid* have we yonder?

*Prim.* Your humble admirer, Madam; your Country-gallant of much land Acres.

*Florell.* Is it that horſe-load of a fool; let's ſtand aſide a little and expect the event of this Adventure.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot *Toby*, be ſure hold faſt:——

*Toby.* I warrant you, you ſhall come down as ſwimmingly as a Cat from a Tower in a high winde, with Bladders at [*He lets him down with a jerks.*
her feet: (Alons *Monſieur.* [Dulh. *crys out holding by the Rope.*

*Dulh.* Prethee have a care, if I ſhould chance to fall——

*Toby.* Your bones wou'd make but a ſorry Anatomy you'de ſay, away with it. [Dulh. *cryes out.* Florella *and* Primroſe *laughing.*

*Enter Sir* John Oldfop *Dancing and Singing:* Strephon *the Brisk and gay*, &c.

*Toby.* Heavens Sir, your Couſen Sir *John*; we muſt diſappear—— vaniſh. [*Let's him down.*

*Dulh.* Udsneaks, ſo I will.

*Sr. John.* I kiſs your fair hands, Madam. [*Bows, dances and ſings as before.*

*Florell.* You are in a gay humour Sir *John*—— What means the conceited Fop. [*aſide.*

*Sr. John.* All things are prepar'd for the Solemnity, Madam: I know you need not be directed in beſtowing your favours; when there's a certain perſon of ſome quality, whoſe merits juſtly lay claim to 'em. There's a certain Jewell, Madam, you wear about you, of too great worth to be ſoil'd by ſulſome dull Matrimony, and I am convinc'd it is as good as loſt if you beſtow on one that can't ſet a true value on it. I have had the keeping of ſome ſcores of young Ladies; they knew me for a perſon reſponſable, and fit to be truſted with the treaſure:—Confound me Madam, you muſt not, ſhall not, cannot deny me.

*Florell.*

*Florell.* I'le fit you for this Eſſence-bottle—But I'm reſolv'd now to carry on the humour; [*aſide*] Dear Sr. *John* my bluſhes ſpeak too much the language of my heart.

*Sr. John.* I know Madam, you could not withſtand my jantee Inſinuating way. [*bows, then leaps,* &c.

*Florell.* Attribute it I beſeech you to your Irreſiſtable Charms, and let not my weakneſs be an occaſion of a Publick Tryumph;—Pleaſe you to walk with my Woman; ſhe'l conduct you where I'le inſtantly follow—

[*Exit Sir* John *bowing with* Primroſe.

Diſſolute Coxcomb: But I'le be even with the old Fool ſince he will be medling.

*Re-enter* Primroſe.

*Prim.* I led him to my old Lady *Fancifulls* Chamber, and 'twas darken'd to Embolden her Squire whom ſhe had appointed to meet there: I had planted old *Waſpiſh* under the Bed before, having poſſeſſed him, your Ladyſhip deſign'd to marry him privately; and there he lies in expectation of you, playing Bo-peep: thinking when you appear, to ſurprize you with the humour.

*Florell.* We ſhall have admirable ſport, Wench.

## *The Scene Changes to* Fanciſulls *Chamber.*

Old-fop *and* Fancifull *groping after one another,*
Waſpiſh *peeping from under the Bed.*

*Waſpiſh.* I proteſt, ſhe ſtays Immoderately, Udsbodikins my back's almoſt broke.

*Sr. John.* Oh I hear ſome-body; it muſt be ſhe: Dear Madam, where are you?

*Fanci.* Here, here Sir, ſoftly. [*they take hold of each other, and Embrace.*

*Sr John.* My life, my Soul, my Joy:—This is kinde, where's the Bed?

*Fanci.* O Don't talk ſo, good Sir, I tremble to hear you.

*Sr. John.* Confound me; I fear ſome old hag has practis'd upon me, methinks I finde an averſion in my Love.

*Prim.* Now whilſt they're in the very height of Expectation, I'le let the light in upon 'em—ha, ha, ha! I ſhall burſt with laughing.

Waſpiſh *is creeping from under the Bed; they come towards it, ſtumble over him in one another's arms;* Primroſe *brings in a light:* Sr. John *and* Fancifull *ſee the miſtake and ſtartle at each other.*

*Sr. John.* What's here a *Succubus*: Old *Heccuba*, is it you? You muſt like her undergo the *Metamorphoſis*, if you'l have your deſires Satisfy'd.

*Fanci.* I ſcorn your baſe diſhonourable Actions, but for my vertue and honour, you'd offer'd violence to my body, foul Raviſher.

*Waſp.*

*Wasp.* Snoons, treachery, Murther, Curs'd *Florella*, Damn'd *Primrose*, I'm betray'd, I'm abus'd, grant me patience, snoons.

*Florell.* This is excellent Diversion, ha, ha, ha.

*Sr. John.* Foh, I shall not be sweet again these two moneths:

[*pulls out Essence, and rubs it about him.*

*La. Fan.* I have been gallanted by abundance of fine Persons seriously,—But I defy the best of them to say he ever had his beastly will of me. [*Ex. weeping.*

*Sr. John.* I hate an old fool I Gad,—— foh—— [*Rubbing himself with perfume.*

*Florell.* Affected old Coxcomb: I'm resolv'd I'le rid my hands of 'em all. Go you and Cajole that old Fool yonder; let me alone with this.

*The Scene shifts, they come forwards.*

*Sr. John.* Madam, you might have pick'd out some easy credulous Fop to have made a Cully of, there are fools enough in the Town [*Wasp. walks about*

*Florell.* Think you Sir, I'd expose my honour to [*all this while in a passion.* the Censure of that *Fancifull*—tho' I value your love above all things;—yet pardon me if I was so discreet as to preserve my Reputation.

*Sr. John.* Revenge is low and vulgar; know Madam, there are a thousand Beauties; sigh, languish, burn and dye; to taste those Joys, you might have surfeited on. I'le Immediately to my Cousin, whom I have lock'd up from the violent attacques of that termagant *Fancifull*: But I'le now Enlarge him, and Consummate the Match between you, and then Madam you lie at my Devotion. [*Exit.*

Waspish *is fretting: Spies* Primrose, *puts the trumpet to his ear.*

*Wasp* Snoons; not a word yet, not a word yet; I'le be Reveng'd, Snoons, snoons.

*Primr.* My Lady bad me tell you, she's extreamly sorry for this Disappointment, and is come to beg pardon.

*Florell.* Sir, 'twas my unhappiness this unlucky accident fell out;—But *Curtysing* please you to walk with me, I have a Parson within shall make me yours for ever.

*Wasp.* Udsbodikins; say you so, I protest, say you so, very well, very well—Come then, pretty Mrs. *Florry*, I'm Impatient, Udsbodikins, come, Mrs. *Florry*, come, come. *Enter* Dulhead.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot, 'twas well my Cousin Sr. *John* mist me: What forsooth you thought to make a noddy of me, Udsneaks, there's old *Waspish*;—I'le bully him. Hum, buzz——

[Dulh. *walks by him; hits him on the Shins with the end of his Sword.*

*Wasp.* How, how, Udsbodikins what means this?

*Dulh.* Mum *Budget*—— [*twirls his hat round his head.*

*Wasp.* Confounded villain; he affronts me, Snoons. Let me go, Snoons, Revenge, Snoons. [*Exit* Florella *with* Waspish *and* Primrose.

*Enter* Fancifull *the other way.*

*Fanci.* Should Sr. *John* have met with him now, I'm lost for ever. O he is here. [*aside*]—Sweet Sir., I thought you wou'd not have disappointed me so.

*Dulh.* Nay forsooth I must confess I was woundily in fault; but I was lock'd

up by my Cousin Sr. *John*; and after *Toby* had Releas'd me, by his advice, I scamper'd off to secure me from him; we have plotted a woundy revenge against him Udsfoot: and to let you know what 'tis; I'm resolv'd to marry you forsooth!

*Fanci.* Oh heav'ns!—— [*pretends to draw back.*

*Dulb.* Udsfoot you shall not deny me; If you do I shall be terrible angry: hum, hum, hum, [*struts*] *Toby* has procur'd a Parson within on purpose.

*Fanci.* Oh happy day! O promising hour of balmy pleasures; Oh how my heart throbs and trembles with the impetuous Sallies of my blood—— [*aside.*

*Dulb.* Come along forsooth; I'de give an hundred pounds to meet my Cousin Sr. *John* now, I cou'd be monstrously valiant Udsfoot, hum, hum, hum!—— [*Exit strutting leading off* Fancifull.

*Enter* Craftmore *and* Toby.

*Craft.* What, have you nooz'd your Fool?

*Toby.* I cannot answer positively; but by this he's in the hands of a Canonicall retailer, a Marriage-Broker; a fellow that will go through-stitch, with his work.

*Craft.* I expect *Florella* here Instantly: Yonder she is I think.

*Enter* Florella.

*Florell.* Pray heav'ns it prove a fit season to sow the Seed of Love [*aside.*

*Craft.* Base treacherous Villain: and am I now betray'd? was this his pretended friendship?

*Florell.* Faithless Inhumane *Craftmore*; are all his mighty Boastings come to this. Protestations and vows were only made by him I finde to be broke again: O Faithless Deserter, who now glories in his guilt and triumphs in my wrongs.

*Craft.* Madam; I perceive your misfortunes hold something of proportion with those of mine.

*Florell.* If I may believe what you have utter'd; the killing Circumstances are just the same.

*Toby.* So, so, they begin to close;—You're made for ever you little Dog *Toby*; down on your Marrow-bones, Sirrah.

*Florell.* Wou'd you Contribute to the designe; there might be some ways found out yet to leffen our miseries, at least. Suppose a Lady of a plentifull fortune, and a tollerable face, shou'd fly to you for protection, you cou'd not sure be so cruell as to refuse her.

*Craft.* She's my own, if she hold on thus. [*aside*] Faith, Madam, I think not, was I sure she wou'd take no advantage of it.

*Florell.* Pardon me Sir, if I lay by the Modesty of my Sex;—Then I beg, I intreat you wou'd own me; and to secure you, take this: [*gives him a box with writings in't, He looks in it.*
In it is contain'd all that can Entitle me to an Estate.

*Craft.* And this Madam, you deliver into my hands, to Justify the right I have to your Ladyship.

*Florell.* Yes Sir.

*Craft.*

*Craft.* I thank you kindly, Madam, I have Caught you at laſt. I'faith—now let your faithleſs diſloyall Lover enter.

*Florell.* O I ſhall never brook the ſight of him I fear:

*Craft.* I warrant you Madam:—ha, ha, ha!

*Florell.* What mean you Sir?

*Craft.* Come Madam; look upon him; he's no ſuch terrible man.

*Florell.* I underſtand you not.

*Craft.* I hope my fickle Miſtreſs that neither this my diſguiſe, nor long ſickneſs caus'd by your unkindneſs, nor the diſtant Clime to which I was baniſh'd by your capricious humours, can have render'd me a ſtranger to your eyes.

[*throws off his diſguiſe.*

*Florell.* Oh heavens, *Craftmore:* [*aſide*]—— O Sir, is this your trick?—but you cannot:—

*Craft.* Nay, nay, humourſome Miſtreſs; you cannot fall off now; here is my man has over-heard all. [*Toby comes up to 'em.*

*Toby.* Yes, I gad Madam; and can ſwear bloodily up to the point.

*Florell.* And am I over-reach'd?—what was't blinded me thus?

*Enter* Loveby, Dorinda *as marry'd.*

*Craft.* Dear friend much Joy to you.

*Dorin.* And may I not ſay as much to your Ladyſhip?-

*Florell.* Betray'd on all ſides; You may thank your *Policy*, or you had done pennance for the other two years.

*Craft.* If you Command it, I cannot but obey you, Madam. [*laughs*

*Enter* Dulhead *out of his Armour with* Fancifull.

*Fanci.* Hem, hem!—well, this Matrimony is a moſt delicious, a very enlivening thing ſeriouſly;—hem.

*Enter Sr* John Oldfop.

*Sr. John.* Gentlemen and Ladies your Servant—I cannot finde my Kinſman, Madam.

*Dulh.* Sun, Moon, and ſeven Stars; how do you like me now, Couz, Sr. *John?* [*comes ſtrutting up to him, leading* Fancifull.

*Sr. John.* Ha! what wou'd the Impertinent Blockhead have? he is not ty'd to that Chymera; and Madam, am I depriv'd of you too, and all my promis'd Joys? where are the writings I truſted you with? you may keep your fool but not a groat Eſtate.

*Dulh.* They're in ſafe hands; ne're ſtir, Couſin Sr. *John:* I ſcorn your affronts; Marriage is honourable; how do you like me now?

[*ſtruts and crys hum, hum!*

*Toby.* They may be forth coming upon weighty Conſiderations: Seal, ſigne and deliver;—— [*offers a Paper*

*Sr. John.* To threeſcore pounds, do you hear?

*Toby.* Then here are the writings Sir; when you quitted your pretentions, the Guardianſhip devolv'd upon Sir, your humble Servant.

*Dulh.* Udsfoot *Toby*; we have out-witted my Couſin Sr. *John* moſt woundily, hea *Toby*:— [*ſtruts by Sr.* John—*hum*,—*hum*, &c.

*Enter* Waſpiſh *and* Primroſe *mask'd.*

*Waſp.* So, ſo, Mrs. *Florry*; 'tis very well; I proteſt, the old Snake has Caſt his Skin; I'm twenty years younger then I was, Udsbodikins I am; You little leering, fleering, wriggling giggling Fubs you: Come kiſs me, Udsbodikins, come, kiſs your husband Mrs. *Flory*.— [*jumps and offers to kiſs her.*

*Craft.* Much joy to you, Sir; now you may go ſuck the ſweets of your *Primroſe*.

*Waſp.* How, how, I proteſt, Snoons, Snoons, treachery, treachery, I'm undone, undone; That Witch, Devil *Florella*, Carion, Strumpet *Primroſe*; I'le Poyſon my ſelf, Cut my throat, and leave my Eſtate to the King; Snoons, Snoons. { *pulls him by the ſleeve; puts the trumpet to his ear.* { *looks on her, flings her hand out of his.* { *runs after* Prim. { *ſtorming.*

*Loveb.* This is all trick, and very pleaſant I'faith.

*Florell.* What coupling here has been

[Prim. *makes ſignes to ſpeak to* Waſp. *he puts his trumpet to his ear,*

*Prim.* What will you give me to Releaſe you Sir?

*Waſp.* Any thing in the world; make thy own propoſals—ruin'd, ruin'd.

*Primr.* Sign but this writing here, Sir. { *while he ſignes it* Toby *fetches the Canonicall habit and ſhews it him*

*Waſp.* Ay I proteſt with all my heart.

*Primr.* Know Sir, this was the Parſon, and this is the habit, in which he marry'd us.

*Toby.* You had the firſt fruits of my Deaconſhip, I aſſure ye Sir.

*Waſp.* A Dog, Confounded Villain; I proteſt I'le put you in the Biſhops Court; I'le make you do pennance for this, Snoons, ſnoons, [*runs after him.*

[Toby *looks him in the face moving his lips as tho' he ſpoke, and laughing.*

*Toby.* Well *Primroſe* ſuppoſe thee and I ſhould play the fool, and commit Matrimony.

*Primr.* That word has a Charm in it, not to be reſiſted; by a poor helpleſs ſolitary Maid.

*Toby.* Agree'd then wench; our virtuous Induſtry has procur'd us enough to rent a ſingle room; and may all in good time bring Mr. *Toby* to ſome reverend office in his ward.

*Craft.* For the ſervice done me, I'le make your life eaſy to you

*Toby.* I thank you Sir.

*Loveby.* Come Sir, you are not to ſtir till you have ſhook off your ill humours by a Dance. [*to* Waſpiſh.] [*a dance of all.*

*Florell.* Well Sir; you have been too hard for me at laſt, but it is ſome pleaſure to ſee my revenge on that brace of old Coxcombs. [*to Craftmore.*

*May all old fools, that Wedlock do Importune,*
*Or Sue for love, with ours finde equall fortune:*
*And may all thoſe that make their Lovers tarry,*
*Be thus Trapan'd like me and forc'd to Marry.*

FINIS.